The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October Bookman, an Autumn Double Number, will be also a special Whistler Number, and will be illustrated with numerous portraits and reproductions of paintings and drawings. It will contain articles on Whistler by Joseph Pennell, and G. S. Layard, and among other important contributions will be "English Literature, 1880–1905," by G. H. Mair; "The Red Hand of Ulster," by Shan Bullock; "Swift's Letters," by Y.Y..; "Two Dramatists," by Darrell Figgis; "John Drinkwater's Poems," by Francis Bickley; "Lang's History of English Literature," by F. G. Bettany; "Prose Rhythm," by Dixon Scott, etc., etc.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing next month a book by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll on "The Problem of Edwin Drood: a Study in the Methods of Dickens." Besides investigating the problem, Sir William Nicoll has made a close study of Dickens's methods of constructing his plots and developing his narratives, and has based his conclusions largely on unpublished material.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this month "Greuze and his Models," by Mr. John Rivers. It takes the form of an unconventional biography in which an attempt is made to reconstruct vividly and picturesquely the every-day life of this most popular of eighteenth century artists amid the quaint scenes and characters of old-time Paris. The volume will be illustrated with forty-five full page plates.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who is well-known for his studies in prison life, has written a new book on this subject, "Wards of the State," which Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are issuing this autumn. It offers an unofficial view of Prison and the Prisoner.

Although it was only published a month ago, Mr. George Edgar's remarkable novel of the Prize Ring, "The Blue Bird's-Eye," is already in its third edition, and the Musson Book Company have

arranged to publish it in Canada. Mr. Edgar has had the uncommon distinction of seeing his two first books make their appearance simultaneously—"The Blue Bird's-Eye" with Messrs. Mills & Boon, and his gossipy biography, "Martin Harvey," with Mr. Grant Richards. A new comer in the book-world, Mr. George Edgar has served a long apprenticeship as a journalist and miscellaneous writer for the magazines and newspapers. He began in the provinces on the reporting staff of the *Liverpool Post*, and continued the same class of work in various provincial centres for some years, the most interesting period of which was, he says, a stay of eighteen months on the Blackpool *Gazette News*. His staff engagements ended when he came to London twelve years back. Here he strove as a freelance; the first paper to take work with anything like regularity from him was the Manchester *Daily Dispatch*, and he has been more or less associated with the Hulton group of papers ever since. During that early period he also contributed a good many signed articles to the *Morning Leader*, and latterly he has seemed almost ubiquitous—scarcely a week passing but his name has appeared over some characteristic article in the *Daily Mail*, *Daily News*, *T.P.'s Weekly*, *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*, *Evening Standard*, or other of the weeklies or dailies of London or the provinces. Incidentally, he edited for twelve months *Modern Business*, for the Caxton Publishing Company, and for Messrs. Newnes their successful serial publication, *Careers*, a work on employments, which was completed in eighteen parts.

Photo by U.S.A. Studios.

Mrs. Alice Perrin,
the well-known novelist of Indian life, whose new novel, "The Anglo Indian" (Methuen), is reviewed on page 261.

Nowadays, Mr. Edgar has become a novelist almost by accident. He had written a considerable variety of short stories, but had not seriously thought of attempting a novel until after he had placed his business in the hands of an agent. One day, without consulting him, the agent arranged a contract for him to write a long story which should deal with the golden days of pugilism, the firm who required it having concluded that he could do this because he had written rather freely on various aspects of that decaying sport. From force of habit, for he had made a rule in earlier and harder times of never declining work that was asked of him, he promptly wrote "The Blue Bird's-Eye," which was a great success as a serial and has certainly proved a most successful novel in book form, so much so that Mr. Edgar has decided to devote himself mainly to novel writing in future, and has made arrangements for other books that will keep him busy for the next three years.

Miss Chapin,
whose new novel, "The Under Trail," Messrs. Pitman are publishing.

Photo by Conrad Priestley.

Miss Daphne Allen,
whose remarkable book of paintings and drawings is reviewed on page 266.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is making a new departure. We are used to him as the writer of charming poetic prose fancies, such as "God and the Ant," of thrilling

Photo by Ferdflodin, Stockholm.

Gustaf Janson.
Author of "The Pride of War." (Sidgwick & Jackson).

sensational novels, of carefully finished short stories, of scholarly essays, but now he is to come before us in a new guise as the author of a humorous volume for old and young to be called "The Bow-Wow Book," and to be illustrated with the grotesquely funny drawings of Mr. Lawson Wood. It will be published next month by Messrs. James Nisbet and Company.

"Windfrint Virgin" is the title of a new novel of London life by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, which Mr. Ham-Smith is publishing.

"To Algernon Charles Swinburne, and Other Poems," is a new volume of verse by Mr. Henry J. Barker that Messrs. Jarrold will publish this month.

Photo by Orr & Co., Johannesburg.

Mr. William Westrup,
the South African novelist, whose new novel, "The Debt," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

Gustaf Janson, whose latest book, "The Pride of War" we review elsewhere, has been described as the Rudyard Kipling of Sweden. He was born in Stockholm, on August 2nd, 1866, and began life as a painter, but later adopted literature as his profession. His first book "An Upstart" was published in 1898. He has since written a number of striking novels, many of which have been translated into most of the European languages. He has travelled in Italy and the North of Africa and there obtained the local colour for "Pride of War." This work has been hailed on the Continent as a masterpiece, not only by the foremost leaders of the movement for International Arbitration, but by those critics who have judged it solely as literature.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published in a sixpenny volume a collection of the remarkable series of articles on "What the Worker Wants," that appeared in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Eight of these articles are by H. G. Wells, who opened the discussion, and others are by thinkers such as Frederic Harrison, H. M. Hyndman, John Galsworthy, labour leaders such as Vernon Hartshorn, Philip Snowden, George Barnes, practical men of business such as Sir Walter Runciman, Seebohm Rowntree, statesmen such as Earl Grey and Lord Hugh Cecil, great landowners like the Duke of Marlborough. The articles are full of suggestion and of profound importance for their many-sided consideration of that Labour Unrest which is a significant, troublesome, but perhaps hopeful signs of the times.

Mr. Thomas Dixon.
Author of "Sins of the Father." (Appleton).

Mr. Thomas Dixon, one of the most popular of American novelists and dramatists has had a remarkable and remarkably varied career. He was born in North Carolina, the son of a Baptist minister of old Revolutionary stock; at the age of twenty

had been elected to the North Carolina legislature, and before he was three years older had become a successful lawyer. Then he abandoned law and politics to enter the mininstry, and was successively pastor at Raleigh, at Boston, and of the People's Temple, New York. His first five books were volumes of sermons, and books dealing with religious problems, and he was nearly forty when, ten years ago, he published "The Leopard's Spots," his first novel. Its success was immediate, and of this and the five novels Mr. Dixon has since written over a million copies have been sold. Three of them, "The Leopard's Spots," "The Clansman," and "The Traitor," belong to a trilogy whose purpose is to dispel what he considers the false idea of the negro that is given in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to make a passionate plea for the purity of the white race and the improvement of our breed of men. His other three novels form another trilogy to expose "the delusions of Socialism." In his latest novel, "Sins of the Father" (published by Messrs. Appleton), he again deals with the race problem in its intimate relations to the home life of the people; the story, whose dramatic interest centres on the passion of a man of culture and refinement for a woman of the lower race, is a new and ampler version of his drama on the same theme that has already been enormously successful on the American stage.

Photo by Wilfrid Jenkins, Kensington. **Mrs. Beryl Symons,**
whose new novel, "Prince and Priest" (Stanley Paul), is reviewed on page 267.

Photo by Messrs. Thomson. **Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge.**

"The Shoreless Sea," published by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, is Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge's first novel, but she is well-known as a writer of successful feuilletons, and of short stories. Mrs. Lethbridge was educated abroad and has lived chiefly in Austria, a country that she knows thoroughly, and to which she is devoted. Like most novelists she is ambitious to write a play that shall prove as successful as her book.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt has nearly completed a new novel, a story of West Africa which she is naming "Via Dolorosa," and Mr. Werner Laurie will publish it in due course. Mrs. Gaunt is one of the most successful of recent Australians who have come to make their homes in England. She is the daughter of a Colonial Judge; and it was eleven years ago, after she had been left a widow, that she came to settle in London. Seven years before that her first novel, "Dave's Sweetheart," was published here by Mr. Edward Arnold, and she still considers it the best story that she ever wrote. A young girl, living in a country town of Victoria, she wrote it and posted it across "home," and was not so surprised as she ought to have been that Mr. Arnold accepted it, paid her fifty pounds for it, and that when it was published it was very satisfactorily reviewed. It was only when she came to take to literature for a livelihood, she says, that she found how toilsome and stony was the path she had chosen; and yet in the long run she does not and has no reason to regret her choice. "A newcomer in London has this to learn," is Mrs. Gaunt's experience, "not that people

will not accept a new point of view, they will, but that the point of view must be presented in such fashion as will be generally acceptable. That lesson I took years to learn." But the success of her last book, "Alone in West Africa" (Laurie), should satisfy her that she has learned it. She feels that her upbringing in a land where conventions do not count has helped her greatly, in broadening her outlook and making her self-reliant, but she finds as a result of her early freedom she cannot reconcile herself to the orthodox etiquettes and amenities of life in a large city; she likes reading stories of quiet English life but is unable to write them. Her one London novel, "The Mummy Moves," was of the sensational sort and its interest depended on a mystery. She finds her best inspiration in the more strenuous life of the outskirts of the Empire, and the wander lust is always carrying her abroad to renew acquaintance with such places. When her new book is out of hand she purposes writing one about the castles that dot the shore of the Gold Coast—mediæval castles, old and quaint and full of wonderful old-world stories—and she will illustrate it with a series of unique photographs that she took when she was out there a little while ago.

Mr. W. Coffey, of the National Union of Bookbinders, wrote the following letter to us last month, with reference to our Miss Braddon Number, but it arrived too late for our August issue: "It is not a point of much importance and perhaps for that reason Mr. Clive Holland omits to mention it in his admirable article in your July Number. I refer to the fact that "Three Times Dead, or The Trail of the Serpent," appeared in serial form in a weekly entitled the *Halfpenny Journal*, in 1862 or 1863. I remember it well as it was the first of Miss Braddon's works that I read. Later, as an apprentice, I not only read many of her books with great delight but both as apprentice and journeyman worked on them and helped to turn out many thousand copies in more than one workshop. I think the *Halfpenny Journal* was controlled by Mr. Maxwell. There was a similar and rival publication running at the same time entitled the *Welcome Guest*. Both have long ceased to exist."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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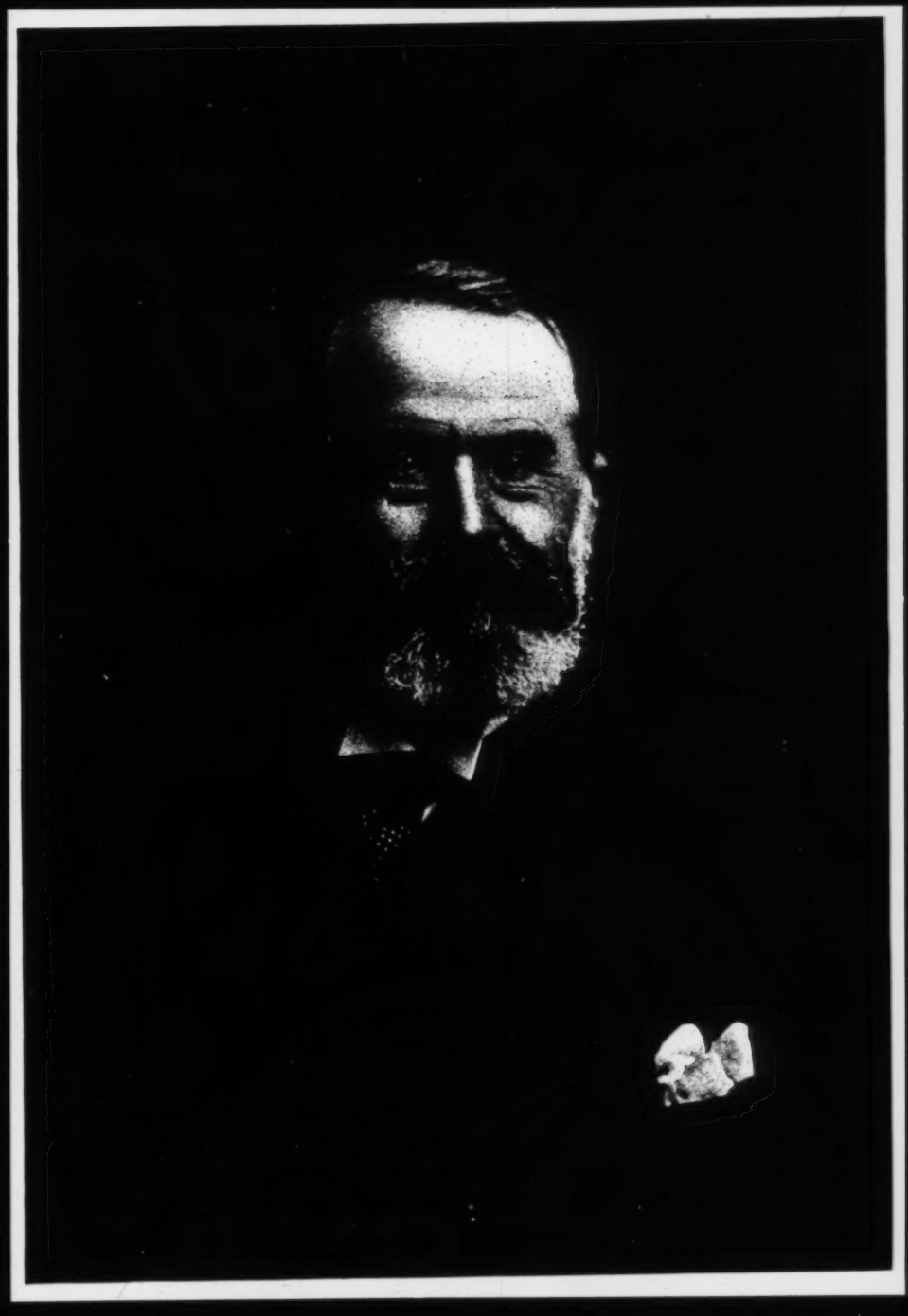

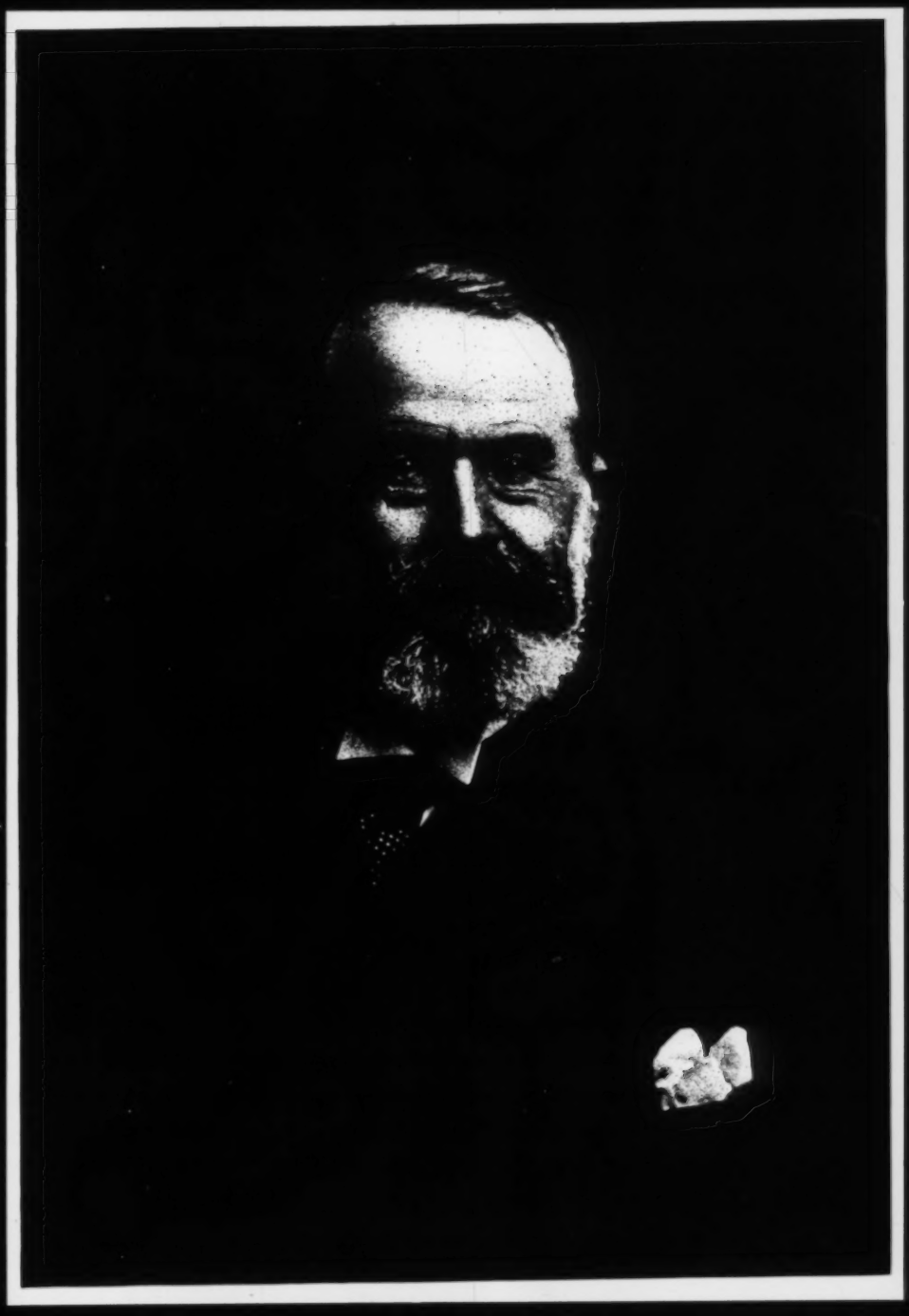

THE READER.

THE LITERATURE OF GREATER BRITAIN.

By A. St. John Adcock.

WRITING his "Oceana,"[1] in 1885, Froude discussed the politics of Australia, its gold mines, its water supply, had a good word for its eucalyptus trees, and was only sorry he had not seen a laughing jackass; but all he had to say of its literature was: "They have had one poet—Gordon—something too much of the Guy Livingstone type, an inferior Byron, a wild rider, desperate, dissipated, but with gleams of a most noble nature shining through the turbid atmosphere. He, poor fellow, hungering after what Australia could not give him—what perhaps no country on earth at present could give him—had nothing to do but shoot himself, which he accordingly did."

This was to overlook Henry Kendall, as fine a poet as Gordon, and the best of some even earlier poets, such as Harpur and M'Crae; it was to overlook, too, one of the biggest things in Australian literature, Marcus Clarke's sombre, powerfully realistic novel of old penal settlement days, "For the Term of his Natural Life," which was published in the 'seventies. But then Froude rather despised novels; he found some on the ship and they bored him so that he had to fall back on the Plato and Homer he carried with him in his bag. And to this day when a man sits down to write of Australia he usually adopts Froude's attitude towards its literature: if he does not ignore it altogether, he remarks airily that it has none, or qualifies this statement with a dark saying that it has none which is distinctively Colonial. I do not propose to say that myself because I am not sure that I know what it means. It seems to suggest that if an Englishman transplants himself to Australia, he and his descendants ought to cut themselves off from their only possible past and begin afresh as an entirely new race, and that should they become authors they must assert their independence and originality by writing exclusively about the bush, cattle-stations, gum trees, gold mining, blue jays and the wallaby, as if, forsooth, genius, wherever it happens to be housed, should keep its fancies always playing in its back yard, and never allow them to take a flight beyond sight of its own town pump. Shakespeare did not stake out a little claim in England only; Keats and Shelley found their highest inspiration in the mythology of ancient Greece, as Milton and Bunyan found theirs in the Hebrew Bible. Great literature is, of course, as universal as the sea and the stars; it never has been and never can be a purely local product. Love and sorrow, pity and laughter, life and death, the tragedy of the days that are no more and the eternal hope of to-morrow—all the large concerns out of which literature is fashioned, are necessarily the same in Australia as they are in the Old Country, and you do not make them distinctively Colonial by giving them a setting of eucalyptus forests nor render them less essentially Colonial by laying on such local colour lightly or not at all.

Moreover, most of Australia's authors were born in England, or of fathers who had emigrated thence; they grew up under English influences, were nurtured in English literary traditions, and naturally and rightly feel themselves to be in the line of succession that has come down through Chaucer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and so long as they continue to write in English for English-speaking peoples it is as absurd to ask that their work should be distinctively Colonial as it would be to expect that everything Stevenson and Barrie wrote should be distinctively Scottish.

Another hardship inflicted on the Colonial author is that he is too often labelled as if he were a copy of some similar English writer. Thus, Gordon is called the Australian Burns, or Byron; Kendall the Australian Shelley; Brunton Stephens the Australian Swinburne when he writes seriously, and the Australian Calverley in his lighter moods; others are dubbed the Australian Keats, the Australian Adelaide Anne Proctor, the Australian Stevenson; and there are enough Australian, Canadian and South African Kiplings to people a small town. Kipling's influence has been among them, no doubt, so has Bret Harte's, Swinburne's, de Maupassant's, and Stevenson's; but I think it probable that the "Australian Kiplings" have been less influenced by the English master than by their own Adam Lindsay Gordon, whose verse, in its forceful colloquialisms and the vigour and swing

Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

"Rolf Boldrewood."
(T. A. Browne.)

[1] Longmans.

and trick of its metres, has much in common with the work of the later and greater poet. However this may be, Australia's men of letters are far from being so derivative as to deserve the wholesale labelling they have had to endure, and if none of them has yet achieved anything that shall give him place with our greatest, what then? They have not been fostered in a world of art and culture that has been maturing in readiness for them for over six or seven centuries past. The first thing needful to settlers in a new, raw land is, of course, that they should live, reclaim the wilderness, build cities, establish governments, and the wonder is that in the single century or so of their existences the four English Colonies—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—have not only moulded themselves into mighty and prosperous nations; but amidst the stress and difficulties of those titanic labours, have found inclination, opportunity, inspiration to produce literatures that, besides being amazingly varied and plenteous, do add something that is new and intrinsically good to the glorious literature that is the common inheritance of the English race.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.
From a pen and ink sketch.

AUSTRALIA.

It is with a sort of pleasant surprise that you come upon Charles Lamb walking in the dawn-light of Australian literature. In the *Examiner* for 1820 he reviewed the "First Fruits of Australian Poetry," written and published at Sydney by his friend, Barron Field. It is commonplace stuff enough, and has no more life in it now than belongs to a museum specimen, but it keeps a perennial interest because Lamb touched it. In his whimsical way he praised these verses, and writing to Field, a judge at New South Wales, told him that Coleridge and Wordsworth were "hugely taken with your Kangaroo."

A. B. Paterson.

The two greatest novels of Australian life, and the first two of any importance (for Marcus Clarke's did not appear till 1874), were written by Englishmen. "It is Never Too Late to Mend,"[1] that sensationally successful story of prison life and the goldfields, was published in 1856, when, so far as I can remember, Reade had never been in the Colony; but before he wrote "Geoffrey Hamlyn"[2] (1859), Henry Kingsley had returned home from roughing it among the miners there and serving in the mounted police, and his pictures of Australian scenery and of life in the bush and at the diggings are vividly real.

But the recognised patriach of Australian literature is Charles Harpur, an Australian born, who lived the life of a squatter, mitigated the loneliness and monotony of his labours by writing much verse and published a volume in 1840, which was absorbed into a complete edition of his works that was issued in 1883, fifteen years after his death. In the 'fifties came Gordon[3] and Henry Kendall,[4] and the principal names that have risen in Australian poetry between then and our own day are George M'Crae, John Farrell,[5] Brunton Stephens,[6] Victor Daley,[7] Will Ogilvie,[8] Bernard O'Hara, Bernard O'Dowd, George Essex Evans,[9] Roderick Quinn, Le Gay Brereton,[10] Henry Lawson,[11] Hugh M'Crae, Grace Jennings Carmichael,[12] Dorothea Mackellar,[13] Henry E. Clay,[14] A. B. Paterson,[15] Patchett Martin and Edwin Brady.[16] I have probably missed out a few that are as good as some I have included, for Australia has by now produced nearly five hundred poets, and I will not pretend that I have read the works of them all.

Ten years ago, poor Essex Evans, a poet of a small but true gift, happened to write to me, and we kept up a correspondence from that time until he died a little while back. We had in common an admiration for the "Convict Once" of Brunton Stephens, whom he knew, and amongst a good deal of Australian literature that he sent over to me was a bound volume of "The Antipodean," an excellent Annual that he edited first in collaboration with Tighe Ryan, then with A. B. Paterson. It enjoyed the distinction of a London edition that was published by Chatto & Windus, but three years saw the end of it. Essex Evans was very pessimistic on the literary life in Australia. He was Registrar of Births and Deaths at Toowoomba, and complained that the place

[1] Chatto & Windus.

[2] Ward, Lock.

[3], [4] Melbourne: Robertson & Co.

[5], [6], [7], [8], [9], [11], [14], [15]. Melbourne: Angus & Robertson.

[10], [16] Melbourne: T. C. Lothian.

[12] Melbourne: Melville & Mullen.

[13] Melbourne: Australian Authors' Agency.

[14] Elkin Matthews.

Brunton Stephens.

had no breath of literary atmosphere; that he felt cut off wholly from the life he wanted to live, and all through his letters he was yearning to come over to England and try his fortune in Fleet Street. I told him truthfully what I thought of his chances if he came, and he never made the perilous adventure.

Many have made it and gone back broken and disillusioned; but not a few have made it and been justified of their enterprise. They will tell you that Australia has too small a literary public to offer the author a satisfactory career. Magazines and reviews do not flourish there because it is impossible, considering the size of the population, to obtain profitable circulations for them. Newspapers have a happier record; but though they may live by serving the interests of business and industrial circles, they give much more encouragement to literature than our English papers do. E. C. Buley, an old Sydney *Bulletin* contributor, and now a successful journalist in London, pays a high tribute to the *Bulletin's* work in this way, but adds:[1] "At present London proves an irresistible magnet for Australians following the artistic professions. Even if the Australian community were less commercial and more artistic, London would still offer a wider sphere and more congenial surroundings as well as larger rewards. It is not in Australia then, but in London that the successful painters, singers, authors and actors expect to crown their careers."

Nevertheless, this curious fact remains—that more poets are living and publishing in Australia than in England, and their works have immeasurably larger sales there than any but the very chief of our present-day poets ever attain here. Victor Daley runs through three editions; Henry Lawson puts out a volume of poems that sells sixteen thousand copies; Will Ogilvie sells fifteen thousand; A. B. Paterson sells ten, fifteen, and his book of ballads, "The Man from Snowy River"[2] has gone into its fiftieth thousand. It is because I know there is nothing approaching that demand for poetry over here that I consistently advise our home poets to emigrate, and wonder why they do not. Several Australian poets have in the last few years come over and published books in London; I have two such on my shelves—Miss Veronica Mason's charmingly simple and graceful verses in "I Heard a Child Singing,"[3] and the

George Essex Evans.

Photo by Alice Mills, Melbourne.
John B. O'Hara.

Photo by Eden Studios, Melbourne.
Bernard O'Dowd.

Photo by Williams, Sydney.
J. Le Gay Brereton.

thoughtful "Poems,"[4] of Mary E. Richmond; but I should be surprised to learn that either of these had met with a twentieth part of the success that Mr. Will Ogilvie, say, enjoyed in his own country.

Most of the poets who are regarded as possessing that blessed quality which is distinctively Australian, write of cattle-raising and driving, gold-mining and the rough life of the Bush, but I think Bernard O'Dowd[5] is as strongly national as any of them, though he leaves these matters mostly aside and devotes himself to expressing the attitude of an Australian towards the larger social issues of his day and people and those things of the spirit that cannot be localised. He is a man of culture and a democrat in grain; an LL.B. of Melbourne University and assistant librarian at Melbourne Supreme Court. In a significant and thoughtful booklet, "Poetry Militant," he sets forth his poetical creed; he holds that nowadays politics, religion, sex, science and social reform are truer subjects for poetry than war or sport which are tacitly admitted "into the funny charmed circle of the arena poetic," and in his own work which ranks high in the Commonwealth, and has received no small meed of praise among us from such papers as the *Spectator* and The *Times*, he lives up to that fine belief. Born in a Victoria mining township he has been writing and lecturing since 1880, and he would seem to share the general view of Australia as a literary centre. He tells me "the sale and display of local books are hampered by the rivalries of booksellers who are also publishers. The want of an independent and weighty literary magazine (all attempts at establishing one have failed financially) is badly felt. Review work is largely left for the odd moments of the partially educated news reporters, and, with rare exceptions, they have not the courage to pronounce for or against a book before seeing a London opinion on it." There are schools of literature, he adds, at all the Universities, but "judging by results, their influence has been practically nil."

John Bernard O'Hara,[6] on the other hand, also a Melbourne University

[1] "Australian Life in Town and Country." (Newnes.)

[2] Macmillan.—[3] Elkin Mathews.

[4] Elkin Matthews.

[5] "The Seven Deadly Sins."—"The Silent Land."—"Downward."—"Dominions of the Boundary."—"Poetry Militant." (Melbourne: T. C. Lothian.)—[6] "Songs of the South" (2 series).—"Lyrics of Nature."—"A Book of Sonnets."—"Odes and Lyrics."—"Calypso and Other Poems." (London: Ward, Lock & Co. Melbourne: Melville & Mullen).

Mrs. Alice M. Dale.

student, and now Principal of South Melbourne College, considers that the Melbourne School of Literature has exerted a marked influence, and that the lectures of Professor Tucker, "our supreme literary authority," have been invaluable to writers of the Commonwealth. In temperament and in general outlook Mr. O'Hara compares with Mr. O'Dowd, but his poems (six volumes of which have had London editions) are more austerely classical and have a higher technical finish. He, too, feels that when a great Australian literature comes to be written it will not concern itself overmuch with the crude robustness of the Bush, the vigour and quaintness of local vernacular, or other such purely transitory phases of colonial life, but will have its roots in the imperishable English literary traditions, and will find its themes, perhaps with the unique loveliness of Australian scenery for an environment, "in the mighty destiny of a Continent as yet populated merely on its fringes, the inevitableness of its democratic tendencies, its energetic people, its brief but picturesque history."

Of the younger poets none has reached a higher level of achievment or given greater promise than John Le Gay Brereton and Christopher Brennan. So far Mr. Brennan has published but one small volume. "XXI. Poems: Towards the Source," but in this and Mr. Le Brereton's "Sea and Sky,"[1] to say nothing of his other four books of verse, one has some of the most delicate and essentially poetical work that has yet been written in Australia. Mr. Le Brereton, by the way, is Assistant Librarian of Sydney University, and a notable student of the Elizabethan dramatists; his striking one-act tragedy, "To-morrow," based on the life-story of the Elizabethan Robert Greene, has attracted more attention than any other of his writings both in England and the Colony, and was successfully staged by the Sydney University Dramatic Society.

These and other such of the younger generation have had the advantage of growing up in a more congenial atmosphere of culture and lettered plenty than was available to the majority of their predecessors, and whether this will result in their developing a stronger note of originality, as well as a more polished technique, still remains to be seen.

Photo by Appleby, Sydney.

Arthur W. Jose.

The most considerable literature of Australia, as of most nations, has taken poetic form; she has done nothing of moment in philosophy, a respectable quantity of good work in history, criticism, travel, and the department of belles lettres, and an immense variety of clever and readable fiction. Nothing, perhaps, that has surpassed in strength and value "For the Term of his Natural Life," except the one immortal book of Rolf Boldrewood, but a fair proportion that is in its kind, arresting and thoroughly alive. Rolf Boldrewood has written about a score of novels, but the one that has made him famous dwarfs the rest, as Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" towered above everything else he ever wrote. I have seen "Robbery Under Arms"[2] spoken of as great prose; it is not that, and does not pretend to be, but it is a great romance. It is presented as the life story of an old-time bushranger, written by himself while he lies in jail under sentence of death, and it is rightly written in a careless, colloquial, sometimes slipshod fashion that is cunningly in keeping with the character of the man; its descriptions of Australian scenery, the daring, lawless lives of the murderous outlaws who menaced the highways, the goldfields, and the primitive townships in the first half of last century give it historical value apart from the absorbing interest of its robust, exciting narrative, which is none the less entertaining for being more than half true and having its sanction in official records. Much of it is written out of the personal knowledge and experience of the author. Though he was born in London in 1826, Rolf Boldrewood went early to Australia, was educated at Sydney College, and became a pioneer squatter in Victoria. Later, he was a Police Magistrate, and Warden of Goldfields. Archibald Marshall[3] describes him as "the most modest of men, with an air of old-world courtesy," and says that he wrote his numerous books in the intervals of more strenuous work, "rising at three in the morning if necessary, and riding perhaps fifty miles between getting up from his desk and sitting down to it again, but keeping on steadily because he had a large family to bring up."

"Robbery Under Arms" was first published in Australia in 1880; an English edition appeared in 1889;

Photo by Crown Studios, Sydney.

Miss Josephine Fotheringham.

Ambrose Pratt.

[1] Melbourne: T. C. Lothian.

[2] London: Macmillan.

[3] "Sunny Australia." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and since then it has gone through more editions than I have stopped to count. It yielded its author, as he confessed to an interviewer on his eighty-third birthday, £1,780 in its first year, and never less than £150 a year ever after. It was dramatised, and he received £6 a week from it during its run on the stage. But his other books have only brought him a profit of from £100 to £1,000 each.

Photo by Lallie Charles. **Mrs. Mary Gaunt.**
Author of "Fools Rush In." (Heinemann.)

No other Australian novelist can rival Rolf Boldrewood in point of popularity, but of the many who have written fiction that has, by virtue of its literary quality or narrative skill, achieved more or less of popular success one must mention Henry Lawson;[1] William Hay,[2] Donald Maclean,[3] "Co-ee,"[4] Ambrose Pratt,[5] "Sundowner,"[6] Simpson Newland,[7] Alice M. Dale,[8] Alexander Macdonald, author of "God Disposes," Robert Macdonald, author of "Danger Mountain," Norman McKeown,[9] Josephine Fotheringhame, "Steele Rudd," (A. H. Davies),[10] "Ada Cambridge" (Mrs. Cross),[11] Rose Boldrewood,[12] daughter of Australia's premier novelist, Herbert C. MacIlwaine,[13] Mrs. Æneas Gunn,[14] who won a reputation over here with her delightful story of children, "The Little Black Princess," and has recently published a realistic study of life on one of the great cattle runs, "We of the Never Never"; Louise Mack;[15] and the latest arrival in these ranks, John Sandes, whose remarkable first novel, an imaginative, dramatic romance the interest of which centres on a mysteriously wrecked and sunken ship that cannot be identified, is published in England this month.[16] Miss Fotheringhame was born in the Orkneys, and began her literary career by contributing to *Chambers' Journal*, but she has lived for over twenty years in the Commonwealth and is editor of *Young Australia*. Ambrose Pratt is well known to English readers for his stories of Bush life and adventure. He was writing verses and short tales in the Sydney *Bulletin* before he was twenty; has travelled all over the Australian hinterland, and in trading schooners round the coast. After leaving Sydney University he became a lawyer and practised for some years, relieving his legal cares with visits to Europe, Asia and Africa and the writing of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire," "The Remittance Man," "Jan Digby," and other sensational stories, including "Three Years with Thunderbolt," the success of which led him to desert the law and devote himself wholly to the writing of fiction and to journalistic work on the editorial staff of the Melbourne *Age*. Nearly all his novels have been published also in America and England, his latest, "A Daughter of the Bush," making its appearance here only last month. Mrs. Alice M. Dale has not perhaps been so successful in this country as she deserves to be, though her three novels have been published here as well as in Australia, and the third of them, "Marcus Warwick, Atheist," is a story that handles very ably the eternal religious problems out of which Mrs. Humphry Ward has woven some of the most famous of her books. Mrs. Dale was bornat Sheffield and as a beginner contributed to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, but after her marriage she went to Australia and has been living in Sydney since 1885. Ada Cambridge is best known, I suppose, by her novels, for long past they have had a wide circle of readers, here and in the Colony; but she has written also two admirable volumes of personal recollections, "Thirty Years in Australia,"[17] and "The Retrospect,"[18] a pleasant, gossipy account of a recent visit to England with the memories it aroused of the childhood and girlhood that she passed here. Mrs. Barton Baynton has written at least two powerful books—"Human Toll," and "Bush Studies"; Louis Stone's story, "Jonah," is a brilliantly realistic study of life among the Sydney larrikins; and there is good work in Miss Mary Grant Bruce's "Timothy in Bushland,"[19] the first of her many novels that has come to me. Steele Rudd is by way of being one of Australia's best sellers just now; two of his books, "On Our Selection" and "Our New Selection" have sold over three hundred thousand copies in Australia and New Zealand, and a dramatised selection of the former is having phenomenally successful tours in both countries. One other novelist who can by no means be overlooked at this moment is David Hennessey: he is a successful author and journalist in Australia where he has published three or four novels that have had remarkably large sales, and the other day, his new novel, "The Outlaw," was awarded second prize in Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition. Two of his novels, "Wynnum" and "The Dishonourable," enjoyed a very wide popularity in the Colony; for ten years past Mr. Hennessey has written no fiction but he has at length broken that long silence with a romance that promises to repeat the sensational success of "Robbery under Arms." Hundreds of novels have been written about life in the Bush and the roaring days of the bushrangers, but, so far, with the multitude, there is only one such that counts, and it is high time a second arrived.

1 "When the Billy Boils." (Melbourne: Angus & Robertson.)
2 "Captain Quadring." (Constable.)
3 "The Man from Curdis River." (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4 "The Silver Queen." (Ouseley.)
5 "A Daughter of the Bush." (Ward, Lock & Co.) etc.
6 "Told by the Taffrail." (Chatto & Windus.)
7 "Paving the Way." (Gay & Hancock.)
8 "Marcus Warwick, Atheist." (Kegan Paul.)
9 "The Muck Rake." (Constable.)
10 "On Our Selection," etc. (Sydney: N.S.W. Bookstall Co.)
11 "A Marked Man." (Heinemann.)—"Fidelis." (Hutchinson.)—"Path and Goal." (Methuen), etc.
12 "Complications at Collaroi." (Ouseley.)
13 "Fate the Fiddler. (Constable.)
14 "Bett-Bett: A Little Black Princess." (Hodder and Stoughton.)—"We of the Never Never." (Hutchinson.)
15 "Wife to Peter." (Alston Rivers.)
16 "Designing Fate. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
17 Methuen. 18 Stanley Paul & Co. 19 Ward Lock.

Several of the names I have given in the above summary are perhaps little known to the English reading public, but they are nearly all familiar in Australia as household words, and equally familiar there are many names that I leave unmentioned because they are only attached to the sort of popular fiction that is never strong enough to cross the seas or keep its freshness beyond the day after to-morrow. There is growing up in the Commonwealth, as Mr. Ambrose Pratt says, a strong demand for novels of an exclusively Australian interest, and this has led to a phenomenal output of such severely localised stories as Herbert Gibson[1] satirises in his recipe: "How to Write an Australian Novel":

Photo by Kerry & Jones, Sydney.
Miss Lilian Turner.

Miss Ethel Turner.
(Mrs. Curlewis.)

"You must have a squatter's daughter.
And a hero who has caught her
In the clutches of his passion like a vice;
You must have a fat old squatter,
And must make him make things hotter
For the hero than the hero thinks is nice.

"And the maiden must be lovely,
And the hero pick-and-shovelly—
Just at present—but a cultured kind of bloke
With a college education
Who has hoofed it to the station,
And is sinkin' tanks and post-holes for a joke . . .

"You may call the maiden Dora,
And must work the native flora
And the fauna in your tale for all they're worth;
And a suitable location
For her fat old father's station
May be anywhere 'twixt Narrabri and Perth.

"As the story waxes duller
Introduce some local colour,
Which is usually understood to be
Almost anything Australian
From a blear-eyed Bacchanalian
In a 'shanty,' to a parrot on a tree . . .

"In the last concluding pages
Of the novel's later stages
Get the squatter in the clutches of the Bank;
Have him rescued in the sequel
By the man who's now his equal—
That's the bloke who sunk his post-holes
and his tank.

"Rope the man and maid together——"

and you have finished another romance of the orthodox, easily saleable pattern.

I am not sure that one or two of the authors I have named do not occasionally indulge in that sort of book, but no such mechanical, ready-made devices enter into the attractively natural stories of the two ladies who have probably obtained a wider circle of English readers than has any Australian novel writer except Rolf Boldrewood. Ethel Turner (Mrs. Curlewis) and Lilian Turner are English by birth, but went to Australia as children and have their home there still. They made their beginnings in literature, Lilian Turner, the elder sister, by winning with "The Lights of Sydney" the first prize offered in a Novel Competition by Messrs. Cassell, and Ethel Turner by writing "Seven Little Australians,"[2] which was published in 1894, and brought the author this encouraging note from George Meredith:

"DEAR MADAM,—Unlike many of the books I receive, yours has given me pleasure. I am introduced to an ideal nursery of real children, whose humours, characteristics and chatter are redolent of their stage of life as breath of the nodding meadow-flowers. This claims my gratitude and I render it warmly, with the certainty that your hand will not fail when you try it upon larger things, as you will, for evidently you have the literary gift."

Both sisters have written a goodly list of stories, largely of the kind that found such favour with Meredith; and Mrs. Curlewis, who has recently been on a tour round the world, has just published, in "Ports and Happy Havens,"[3] a very entertaining account of places she saw and people she met on her journey.

Coming to the more distinguished work in general literature, we have Professor Tucker's "Introduction to the Natural History of Language," Professor Gregory's "Dead Heart of Australia,"[4] E. J. Banfield's "Confessions of a Beachcomber,"[5] Miss Clowes's "On the Wallaby through Victoria,"[6] "Explorers of East, West and Central Australia," by Ernest Favenc;[7] "The English Colony in New South Wales," by David Collins;[8] Dom Norbert Birt's "Benedictine Pioneers in Australia;"[9] Sir Henry Parkes's "Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History;"[10] "The Native Tribes in Australia," by A. W. Howitt;[11] The Rev. C. H. Matthew's "Parson in the Australian Bush";[12] "The Natives of Australia," by N. W. Thomas;[13] C. E. W. Bean's "On the Wool-track,"[14] and "The 'Dreadnought' of the Darling";[15] the newly published "Across Australia,"[16] by Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen, "The Beliefs of Unbelief,"[17] by W. H. Fitchett, and "The Growth of the Empire,"[18] and "The History of Australasia," by Arthur W. Jose, a Balliol scholar, who was a schoolmaster at Bathurst, N.S.W., from 1885 to 1892, and afterwards for nearly ten years a Sydney University Extension Lecturer. His two Histories were the outcome of these Lectures, the audience at which consisted largely of clerks, farmers, shopkeepers—hard-working men bent upon mental improvement; the first

E. W. Cole.

[1] "Ironbark Splinters from the Australian Bush." (Werner Laurie.)

[2] Ward Lock. [3] Hodder & Stoughton. [4] John Murray. [5] Fisher Unwin. [6] Heinemann. [7], [8] Whitcombe & Tombs. [9] Herbert & Daniel. [10] Longmans. [11] Macmillan. [12] Edward Arnold. [13] Constable. [14], [15] Alston Rivers. [16] Macmillan. [17] Cassell. [18] John Murray.

book has had three Australian and two English editions, and the second is now in its fourth edition. Other of Mr. Jose's books are "Australasia,"[1] and "Two Awheel,"[2] a series of sketches of Australian life and scenery, and he is at present engaged on a history of recent political and social developments in the Commonwealth. For some years Mr. Jose acted as reader for Messrs. Angus & Robertson, of Sydney, the principal publishers in Australia, and he says that, in his experience, "though the Australian writer is alert to seize new points of view and capable of long-continued hard work, he is greatly lacking in appreciation of form. If he is a poet he will not be at the pains of eliminating roughnesses of diction or metre, if he is writing about facts that he has laboured without stint to ascertain, he often has not the aptitude to set them in any logical order. This is probably due to the circumstance that few writers here can adopt literature as a profession, the gains are not enough, and there is too much other work to be done; and we have not the plethora of literary periodicals that offer such large markets to authors in England and the United States, and the few leisured folks to be found among us are rarely interested in any sort of literature."

W. H. Fitchett.

Whatever other Australian authors it omits my catalogue must include a note of the strongly individual miscellaneous works in fiction, travel and adventure of Louis Becke,[3] who, born in New South Wales, has lived and travelled much in the South Seas and gathered there material for the best of his books. Australia has, by the way, only two writers who know the fine art of the short story. Becke is one, and Henry Lawson is the other. There are things in Lawson's "While the Billy Boils," and "Joe Wilson and his Mates," that stand as literature, higher than anything else in Australian fiction. Some time ago the *Spectator* expressed surprise that "one we would venture to call the greatest Australian writer should be practically unknown in England"; and I doubt if Lawson is any better known here to-day than he was then.

You may learn a good deal of early Australia and New Zealand by reading Kershaw's amusing "Colonial Facts and Fictions,"[4] and for some able and pleasant studies of field and wood and bird and animal life in Australia you may go to Amy Mack's "Bush Days,"[5] or "A Bush Calendar."[6] Bernard Wise, of Sydney, has written an invaluable general view of the colony, both as a country and as a nation, in "The Commonwealth of Australia"[7]; and for a story of Australia's past, its aborigines, and every aspect of its present-day life there is the breezily written "Australia"[8] by Frank Fox, who is the author also of "Ramparts of Empire,"[9] a view of the Navy from an Imperial standpoint; and two volumes of "Peeps at Many Lands,"[10] including Australasia and other parts of the Empire. But for the most popular Australian studies of English history, if not the most popular of all Australian books, the palm must certainly go to Dr. W. H. Fitchett's "Deeds that Won the Empire."[11] Dr. Fitchett describes this as a "literary accident." He was asked to write for the Melbourne *Argus* a series of articles on the great events in British history, the idea being to "seize the anniversary of one notable event after another and write a sketch of it." The articles caught on immediately; they became the rage, and were read eagerly in the towns, in the Bush, in remote Tasmanian mines; fathers read them to their children, schoolmasters to their pupils, they formed a text for pulpit discourses. Presently, they were collected and published locally in two small volumes, that reached England, were eulogised by the *Times* and *Spectator*, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey gave them to Mr. Murray Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., saying significantly: "There's a *book!*" A cablegram promptly invited Dr. Fitchett to write a sketch for the *Cornhill* on the battle of Minden; before long half a dozen leading English publishers were anxious to republish "Deeds that Won the Empire," and when Messrs. Smith, Elder issued it the Admiralty took it for the libraries of all our warships, and it was adopted in some of our public schools. At six shillings it went through twenty-seven editions; the sixpenny edition sold over a hundred thousand copies, and is still selling. And yet, with Dr. Fitchett literature is only a by-product; he cultivates it, not on a little oatmeal, but in moments stolen from sleep or snatched from other duties. He began as a youthful Methodist parson in charge out in the backblocks; for seventeen years he was in active ministerial work with important charges, and for many years now he has been Principal of the Methodist Ladies' College in Melbourne. Nevertheless, he has found time to write a "Life of Wesley"; he used to edit the *Australian Review of Reviews*, and at present edits a religious paper, *The Southern Cross*, and a monthly magazine, *Life*. Lately he declined to write a History of England in five volumes for one great English publishing house, and just now has in hand a book on "Red Letter Days in Australian History," and a couple of religious books on the lines of "The Unrealised Logic of Religion." He is likewise contemplating another work dealing with certain fields of English history. "Australia and New Zealand have an eager appetite for good reading," he says: "and what may be called indigenous literature finds generous treatment; but the population of Australia and New Zealand put together is less than that of London, and this makes a small constituency for a new book. But British publishers and readers are very generous to writers on this side of the world, and I think there is a great future for Australian literature, though as yet we have produced no separate type of literature which can be recognised and labelled as Australian."

[1], [2] Dent. [3] Fisher Unwin, etc. [4] Chatto & Windus. [5], [6] London: Australian Book Co. [7] Pitman. "All Red" Series. [8], [9], [10] A. & C. Black. [11] Smith, Elder.

All my life, as far back as I can remember, I have been familiar with the face of "Cole's Fun Doctor," described as "the funniest book in the world." Continually coming across it on bookstalls and in shop windows, I have carelessly taken it for granted that "Cole" was an English author, and I have only just discovered, to my shame, that he is an Australian, and has written and compiled several other volumes, some of them of serious and permanent interest.[1] Moreover, E. C. Cole is the founder and proprietor of the famous Book Arcade in Melbourne, and now, in his eighty-first year, counts as one of the most remarkable and enterprising men in that enterprising city. The best anthologies of Australian poetry were compiled by Bertram Stevens, editor of the Sydney *Bulletin's* Red Page—"The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse," and "An Anthology of Australian Verse,"[2] and this month brings us an interesting and, within its scope, very adequate anthology in prose and verse, "In Praise of Australia," compiled by another Australian author, Miss Florence Gay;[3] but Douglas Sladen did yeoman service in this direction long since and deserves the gratitude of all who are interested in the literature of Australia for his "Australian Poets," "A Century of Australian Song," and "Australian Ballads and Rhymes."[4] He has lately completed a biography of Adam Lindsay Gordon which Messrs. Constable are publishing.

Douglas Sladen, however, is not an Australian, though he lived there for four years, and was the first holder of the Chair of History in Sydney University; and as I must make an end somewhere I draw the line at any but Australian authors. There are a number of these yet to whom the limited scope of this article allows me to make only passing reference, for though they were born in Australia they crossed to the home country when they were young, or after they had scored a sufficient success to warrant the venture, and we have annexed them to ourselves and listed them among English authors. There is Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance (of whom J. Stuart Walters has lately written an admirable critical biography):[5] she was born in Tasmania, but left it for England when she was a child; there is Marriott Watson, born in Australia and educated in New Zealand, but who would think of calling him an Australian now? And from various parts of the Commonwealth have come Professor Gilbert Murray, E. W. Hornung, Goring Thomas, Albert Dorrington, Lady Doughty,[6] Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. Mary Gaunt, Winifred James, Fergus Hume, and many another. Nat Gould, whose sporting novels[7] have reached a total sale of over a million, was English born, but spent many years in Australia, and the same is to be said of Hume Nisbet, who has written some capital Australian romances of which "Bail Up!"[8] a vivid bushranging tale, has probably been the most generally popular; of Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, who woke to find herself suddenly famous for "The Yellow Aster"; of Gordon Inglis, who is publishing a book on "Sport and Pastime in Australia,"[9] and of Wyatt Tilby who is preparing for his series, "The English People Overseas," a volume on "Australasia."[10] Sir Gilbert Parker[11] and Foster Fraser[12] are among the almost innumerable English travellers who have written books on Australia, but I must not attempt even the scantiest list of these for I have overrun my space already.

Photo by Buchner, Sydney.

Arthur H. Adams.

NEW ZEALAND.

I have not set out to write anything in the nature of a history of Colonial literature, but merely to register briefly, and without serious attempt at comment or criticism, what the Colonies have done in literature and more especially what is being done by their living authors. Otherwise, I should have to begin this section by filling many columns concerning the wonderful folk-tales of the Maoris and the songs of their minstrels. A selection of these latter have been translated by James Cowan, and one of the former is the theme of Alfred Dommett's great narrative poem, "Ranolf and Amohia," which really is distinctively New Zealand literature and the Colony's highest poetical achievement. But Dommett was an Englishman who went out with the earliest settlers in 1842, and returned home thirty years later. He was that friend Browning wrote of in the poem that opens with the question, "What's become of Waring?" Another and more famous Englishman associated with the early literature of New Zealand is Samuel Butler. He emigrated to Lyttleton as a sheep farmer in 1860, when he was five-and-twenty, and whilst he was runnng his sheep-station at Canterbury, worked on the staff of the Canterbury *Press* and contributed to its pages an article on "Darwin Among the Machines," which in later years he elaborated into "Erehwon."

But of present day New Zealand literature there is comparatively little that has come to the knowledge of the stay-at-home Englishman. I remember reading some years back a striking novel of local life by William Satchell[13] and Reginald Horsley, a New Zealander by adoption, who has returned to Scotland, wrote a vigorous and picturesque story of the Maori wars, "In the Grip of the

[1] "A White Australia Impossible."—"Federation of the Whole World."—"Truth."—"The Fun Doctor." (Stanley Paul & Co.).
[2] Macmillan.
[3] Constable.
[4] Walter Scott (Canterbury Poets.)
[5] Kegan Paul.
[6] John Long.
[7] Chatto & Windus
[8] "The Cheerful Way." (A. & C. Black.)
[9] Methuen.
[10] Constable.
[11] "Round the Compass in Australia" (Hutchinson.)
[12] "Australia." (Cassell.)
[13] Methuen.

Hawk."[1] For descriptions of the New Zealand back-blocks and sketches of present-day life and character among the modern Maoris, you may go to "In the Maoriland Bush,"[2] by that much-travelled Britisher, W. H. Koebel.

I am told that Miss Mackay and Arnold Wall have done notable work in poetry; and I know that Thomas Bracken has, and that Arthur H. Adams is the most promising of the Colony's poets, and so far as we can see over here, is one of the three most significant of its younger novelists, the others being G. B. Lancaster (Miss Lyttleton),[3] a writer of strong imaginative and emotional qualities; and Pember Reeves (Mrs. Blanco White),[4] daughter of the New Zealand statesman. Mr. Adams was born forty years ago, and was educated at Otago University. He threw up his legal studies to join the Wellington *Evening Post* as junior reporter, and presently was contributing verses to the Sydney *Bulletin*. In due course he collected these into "Maoriland and Other Verses," a book which sold five thousand copies and brought him into immediate recognition as New Zealand's national poet. During a three years' visit to England at the beginning of the century he published here his second book of poems[5] and his first novel.[6] Returning home, he became associate editor of the New Zealand *Times*, then editor of the literary section, otherwise the Red Page, of the Sydney *Bulletin*, which he is still editing. Mr. Adams has written a number of plays and is arranging to publish a volume of them; they have been produced by the Repertory Theatre, Adelaide, by the Stage Society and other organisations of Sydney, and a one-act play of his was staged at the Little Theatre, in London. Unlike other Colonial authors he "finds that publication in Australia is more financially profitable than publication in London"; but he agrees that "it is necessary for an Australian writer to bid for the recognition of the London critics." His duties as a critic take up most of his time, but he has completed another novel of adventure on the grotesque lines of "Galahad Jones,"[7] and with something of the same setting as he used for that novel and his later story, "A Touch of Fantasy."[8] His work in fiction differs from that of the majority of Australasian writers in that he presents the life of the town and not of the backblocks; in particular he is giving himself to depicting the romance of Sydney and, as everybody knows who has read those last two novels of his, he finds that romance in abundance in the apparently commonplace existences of bank-clerks, shop-girls and the motley dwellers in suburban boarding-houses.

Photo by Pirie Macdonald, New York.

"Ralph Connor"
(Rev. Charles W. Gordon.)

I must acknowledge that I have no personal acquaintance with anything accomplished by New Zealand in biography and general literature except James Drummond's "Life and Work of Richard Seddon"; J. Cowan's "Maoris of New Zealand," the Rev. G. Clarke's "Early Life in New Zealand," James Collier's monumental biography of Sir George Grey (Whitcombe and Tombs), "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur Douglas (Pitman), G. W. Rusden's "William Shakespeare,"[9] and his "History of New Zealand"[10]; and the useful and beautifully illustrated volume on "New Zealand," written by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves, the High Commissioner for the Colony, in Messrs. Black's series of colour books.

CANADA.

It is with Canada as with Australasia—nearly all the books written about the country tell you something of nearly everything in it except its literature. I happen to possess a stout tome dedicated to giving portraits and information concerning leading Canadians, for the use of newspaper writers. It is rich in railway magnates, politicians, famous agriculturists, but no author of any description is allowed to show his face among them. Even Wilfred Campbell himself, one of Canada's foremost poets and men of letters, can write an otherwise informing and charming book about his native land and think it sufficient to say no more of its literature than this:[11]

"The trackless forest is no longer assailed by the puny hands of a few settlers endeavouring to carve out a home for themselves in the wilderness. Railways and government survey have changed all this. The outsider must realise that we, as a people, have passed into a more advanced if less picturesque stage, and that even the literature of our country no more represents the backwoods and the Indian; and he who would so represent us misrepresents our true condition. The life of the canoe and the wilds is long past, and as alien from the great modern life of cultured Canada as it is from the civilisation of London. We have a few writers who, without any true grip of the Canadian life as it is, and seeking what they falsely think makes their work unique, strain to make out that the spirit of Canada is yet to be found in the wilds; but these are mere

[1] Jack. [2] Stanley Paul. [3] "The Altar Stairs." (Hodder & Stoughton) etc. [4] "The Reward of Virtue." (Heinemann.) [5] "London Streets." (John Lane.) [6] "Tussock Land." (Fisher Unwin.) [7], [8] John Lane.

[9], [10] Melbourne: Melville & Mullen.

[11] "Canada." By Wilfred Campbell Illustrated by T. Morris Martin. (A. and C. Black.)

Photo by Pach Bros., New York. **Ernest Thompson Seton.**

posers, who do not count in our real advancement—flies on our national wheel, such as are found in every country. Even these men produce their literary pabulum in the heart of America or Canadian cities."

Which would seem to say that the years of the Klondyke rush are so long gone by that all traces of them are covered up; that the wild life on the Yukon which shows so glamorously in many of Jack London's powerful stories is entirely a thing of the past. It may be so; Dr. Campbell is a better authority on that matter than any Englishman could be; and yet I wonder? It is not easier for one man living in the heart of a cultured, well-ordered city to imagine that the outskirts of his country are in a state of whirling, highly-coloured anarchy than it is for another to persuade himself that the rest of the land is as peaceful and law-abiding as his own surroundings, that the savage fringes have been civilised, that under the magic wand of masterly governing the very wilderness blossoms as the rose. And there is evidence on the other side. Dr. Campbell lives at Ottawa, and up at Winnipeg is "Ralph Connor" (the Rev. Charles Gordon); both are Canadian born, but I have an idea that Dr. Campbell is more of the cultured city man than Ralph Connor, who has lived and worked in the rough, less-civilised quarters of the Dominion, and has gathered his personal experiences up into that healthfully realistic series of romances that have made him the most famous of living Canadian novelists in England as well as in Canada.[1] Ralph Connor strikes no note of exaggeration; he has seen the sterner side of Canadian existence and felt the tonic joy that is in it as well as the strife and the hardship. Writing of scenes and people that are familiar to him, he sketches with a quiet humour and pathos, and a keen understanding of humanity, the life-dramas of the town, of the small shopkeeper, of the college student; he sketches too, the life of the worker on the great rivers, or across the vast prairies, of the mining prospector, and the rancher, and under his spell you feel that in the wilds and in the cities there are not different and alien spirits but that everywhere the same spirit prevails, the living spirit of Canada which is happily a spirit of many moods and not of one only. Even in London we are not so cultured as to have no crust to our bread; there are regions of our town as savage and remote from civilisation as any outlands of the Empire.

If the stories told of wild life in Canada by such novelists as Roger Pocock,[2] Harold Bindloss,[3] Lawrence Mott,[4] and G. B. Burgin,[5] stood alone I would be willing to discredit them; for they are not Canadians. Three of them are roving Englishmen who seem most at home in places where there are no houses; and Mr. Burgin is so tame that you can see him almost any day of the week eating with a knife and fork at a London club. All the same, he has been frequently to Canada, and if Old Man is a myth and there is no general tendency to make free with revolvers at Four Corners he has been taking advantage of our innocence who stay at home and accept his word for these things. But there is the Canadian, Canon Wharton Gill[6]: his vigorous, many-coloured story of life in a prairie settlement is alive with rugged characters and rough adventure and reads like truth. There is Norman Duncan, whose intimate, sharply realised tales[7] of the hard, primitive, perilous lives lived by the Newfoundland fishermen read like very truth also and yet are of wild life enough in all conscience.

[1] "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "The Doctor of Crow's Nest," "The Man from Glengarry," "The Settler," etc., etc. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Jesse of Cariboo." (Murray.)

[3] "A Sower of Wheat." (Chatto & Windus), etc.

[4] "Prairie Snow and Sea" (John Murray.)

[5] "Dicky Dilver." (Hutchinson), etc.

[6] "Love in Manitoba" (Toronto: Musson Book Co. London: Stephen Swift.)

[7] "The Way of the Sea." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by Lichtkunst, Munich. **C. G. D. Roberts.**

There is Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who has been actively engaged in the timber industry in Manitoba, and has filled "Janey Canuck,"[1] and "Open Trails"[2] with pictures of the rough life she has known and the homely philosophy and kindly large-hearted humour it has taught her; and above all there is Ernest Thompson Seton—he has found wild life enough to write about, though it is the wild-animal life of his own land rather than of its people. Read his "Biography of a Grizzly;"[3] his "Monarch, the Big Bear,"[4] "Life Histories of Northern Animals,"[5] "Wood Myth and Fable,"[6] or what is to my thinking, the most fascinating of his works, "Wild Animals I Have Known."[7] They have this much in common with such books of Jack London's as "The Call of the Wild,"[8] and "White Fang,"[9] that they do give a subtle psychology of our four-footed brethren that satisfies you by its seeming truthfulness, but Thompson Seton strikes you as writing from a fuller depth of knowledge, with a finer sympathy, a more delicate intuition. He was born at South Shields, a direct descendant from George Seaton, the last Earl of Winton, but was taken to Canada when he was five, and had five years of the backwoods before he went to school at the Collegiate Institute of Toronto. Later he had three years of art training in London and so became artist and author too, and has illustrated his books with his own graceful and vivid drawings. Since the early eighties he has been studying natural history in Manitoba and has for some while past been Naturalist to the Government of that province.

Bliss Carman.

Frederick George Scott.

Photo by Francis de Gough.

Mrs. W. H. Drummond.

[1, 2] Cassells.
[3] Hodder & Stoughton.
[4, 5] Constable.
[6] Hodder & Stoughton.
[7] David Nutt.
[8, 9] Heinemann and Nelson.

In his own field he has but one rival, and that is Charles G. D. Roberts, a thoroughbred Canadian, born in New Brunswick. Mr. Roberts, however, has a many-sided reputation; his work has a wider scope and greater variety.[10] He was for a time editor of *The Week*, and assistant editor of the *Illustrated American*; he has been Professor of English and French Literature at King's College, Nova Scotia, and has written a History of Canada. We know him best for his inimitable stories of animal and bird life, and his forcefully written tales of men and women who face existence in those wilder outposts of Canada that Dr. Campbell would discourage us from believing in. He is one of the most popular of magazine writers here no less than in the Americas, and there he is known, too, as a poet of rare achievement. His "Babes of the Wood"[11] is a nature study for younger readers, and very graceful and attractive work in a similar kind has been done by Edith Howes.[12]

R. W. Service.

But I suspect that, after all, Dr. Campbell was not referring to such wild life as gets into the pages of writers like these. He had in mind, perhaps, the more violent work of such younger authors as Robert W. Service. And I am open to admit that nothing would convince me that in "The Trail of 98"[13] Mr. Service supplies a faithful presentment of what life actually was in any part of Canada fourteen years ago. The story is the ruddiest Adelphi melodrama; readable enough; full of go and movement; but as far from being like life as a nightmare is. Nevertheless, it

[10] "More Kindred of the Wild." "The Backwoodsmen," "Kings in Exile," "Neighbours Unknown." (Ward, Lock), etc.
[11] Cassell. [12] "The Sun Babies." "Rainbow Children." (Cassell.)
[13] Fisher Unwin.

W. H. Drummond.

does catch glimpses of the truth, and in his stirring Kiplingesque songs and ballads he has found his right work and done it with a gusto that has carried his verses through to an enormous popularity.[1] His "Songs of a Sourdough" have reached their twenty-fourth edition. Mr. Service is a bank clerk; he lives in the cultured atmosphere of a Canadian city and writes of the very wildest of wild Canadian life, but he writes rather as one recalling the past, of the old-time place miner and, with an amazing realism and virility, of that "Spell of the Yukon" which may now have lost its potency but is full of glamour still in the remembrance. If I were put to it to name the poet who stands supreme among the poets not only of Canada but of all the Colonies I should name Bliss Carman.[2] He is not perhaps in the highest sense a great poet, but he is a great singer. His verse carries no weight of thought; it is purely lyrical, purely poetical, and its magic is such that one cannot say exactly what constitutes its chief charm—whether it is certain natural flowering qualities it has, its easy grace, its perfect air of spontaneity, the flowing, careless simplicity of its language that breaks without effort into the airest and loveliest of fancies. More than all, there is a quick sensitiveness running through his lines, like the delicate veins that make a tracery along leaves and petals of flowers, and such an ever-present fineness of feeling and emotion underlying them that you are continually coming to sudden passages that touch you strangely not because of any sharp pathos that is in them but because of the sheer beauty of their elusive butterfly fancifulness. He is happiest among flowers and the old simplicities of the natural life. See how lovingly he writes of quaint French-Canadian legends, of children, and the homely, sunbrowned people who inhabit remote and lonely country places. I am not sure that I do not like as well as any of his poems, "In a Grand Pré Garden," with that unforgetably beautiful fantasy of the flowers:

"With their innocent grave faces
lifted up to meet my own.
They are but the stranger people,
swarthy children of the sun,
Gypsies tenting at our door to
vanish ere the year is done."

Bliss Carman has gone from Canada; he has long been a busy journalist in New York; but his poetry belongs to Canadian literature, and cannot be taken away from it. There are sound judges in the Dominion, I know, who have crowned Wilfred Campbell as the first of Canadian poets, and I recognise that there is a good deal to be said for their claim. The two men are so different that you cannot justly compare them. Bliss Carman is an unpremeditating, vagabond spirit; he belongs to the woods and the fields, and the big open spaces almost as intimately as does god Pan himself; and Wilfred Campbell is the poet of culture, more as Arnold was; his Pegasus runs nobly in harness; he has done distinguished work in great fields of poesy where Carman has never trodden. His dramas are touched with passion and rise to high imaginative moments; his odes have the right stately march; nobody has written richer or more burningly emotional patriotic verse than he has in some of his sonnets and his "Sagas of Vaster Britain"; and he has moods in which he catches glimpses of the very soul of unreclaimed nature, as in the opening of "The Spring Spirit":

"I, poor Satyr in the
glade,
Saw a wonder, half afraid."

Certainly, and in any case, Wilfred Campbell is the most representative Canadian man of letters

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Wilfred Campbell.

Photo by E. Parnell, Hove.

F. A. Talbot.
Author of "The Garden of Canada."

Photo by A. M. Cunningham, Hamilton, Canada.

Miss Mabel Burkholder.
Author of "The Course of Impatience Carningham."

Photo by Calbraith, Toronto.

Miss Pauline Johnson's birthplace, "Chiefswood," near Brantford, on the banks of the Grand River.

[1] "Songs of a Sourdough." "Ballads of a Cheechako." (Fisher Unwin.)

[2] "Songs of the Sea Children." "Songs from a Northern Garden." (John Murray.)

Miss A. M. Teskey.
Author of "The Yellow Pearl."

and the most versatile. He was born at Berlin, Ontario; educated at Toronto University, and Cambridge, Mass.; and holds an appointment under Government as an officer of the Archives of Canada. A few years ago a special edition of his poems was issued by Mr. Carnegie to his colleges in Great Britain and America; a collected edition of them was published in Canada, America and England seven years ago,[1] and another that is to include also of course all his later work is now in preparation,[2] and I gather that the publishers are confident of an unprecedented demand for it. I have not been able to do more than make casual reference to Dr. Campbell's memorable work as an historian, his latest in this direction being the first volume of "The Scotsman in Canada" (of which the second is written by another eminent Canadian author, Professor George Bryce);[3] its strongest appeal is inevitably to those of Scottish nationality, but it reveals, as one of Dr. Campbell's critics says, "the breadth of outlook and insight into human nature, the passionate devotion to the Empire and belief in the high destiny of the British race that have characterised unfailingly all that has come from his pen."

Miss Jean N. M'Ilwraith.
Author of "A Diana of Quebec."

Of other notable histories written by Canadians I can only mention in passing one or two of the more recent, as W. L. Griffith's, "The Dominion of Canada"[4]; "Annexation, Preferential Trade, and Reciprocity,"[5] an outline of the Canadian Annexation Movement by Cephas D. Allin and George M. Jones; Dr. George Bryce's "Romantic Settlement of Lord Selkirk's Colonists"[6]; and in general literature there is Agnes Dean Cameron's travel-book, "The New North"; Mrs. S. J. Graham's "Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda"; Agnes Laut's "Lords of the North"; Katharine Hughes's "Life of Father Lacombe"; to say nothing of the work of such French-Canadian authors as Madame Gerin-Lajoie, Mdlle. Laure Conan, Madame Dandurand, and Sir Adolph Routhier.

Canon Ellis Wharton Gill.
Author of "Love in Manitoba."

It would be unpardonable in even the baldest record of Canadian poets to omit the name of the late French-Canadian Poet-Laureate, Dr. Louis Frechette; of the late Archibald Lampman; of Frederick George Scott,[7] Arthur Stringer, Agnes Maule Machar (both of whom have also written much good fiction), and Robert J. C. Stead, whose breezy, masterly "Songs of the Prairie"[8] take us out into the wilds again. I am conscious that I ought to say more of such poets as Lampan, Stringer and Scott in particular, but I must make room to add something concerning two of the most characteristic of all Canadian poets, William Drummond and Pauline Johnson.

Photo by the Mora Studio, Gore.
Miss Edith Howes.
Author of "The Sun Babies."

Mrs. Virna Sheard.
Author of "The Man at Lone Lake."

Drummond is, as Dr. Campbell has said, "perhaps the most noted depictor, with the pen, of French-Canada"; perhaps, too, he is the truest. He was a hard-working doctor, a man of a large, kindly, genial personality, who lived and laboured among the people he wrote about, and when you have read his four volumes of ballads and lyrics[9] (of which Messrs. Putman promise a collected edition) you feel that you know the French-Canadian nearly as intimately as if you also had lived beside him. The poems are written in the quaint patois of the habitant; they would lose half their strength and colour and atmosphere if they were not; but this presents no difficulties that are not easily overcome, and they are well worth overcoming for the sake of the stories that are embodied in the poems—stories that are redolent of all the odd humour and hardness and

[1] Toronto, New York, London and Edinburgh: Fleming H. Revell Co.

[2], [3] Toronto and London: Musson Book Co.

[4] Pitman. "All Red" series.

[5], [6] Musson Book Co.

[7] Poems. (London and Toronto: Musson Book Co.)

[8] Toronto: W. Briggs.

[9] "The Habitant," "The Voyageur," "Johnny Corteau," "The Great Fight." (Putnams.)

tenderness and wistful ideality of the French-Canadian character. It is not surprising that "The Habitant" had a sale of over twenty-five thousand copies, and that the later volumes have enjoyed an equally generous vogue. Within his limits Drummond was an authentic poet, and

"There was no better loyalist than this whose humours played
In pleasant human wise to serve the State two races made."

To his fourth, and posthumous volume, his wife, Mrs. May Harvey Drummond, contributes a sympathetic and very interesting biographical preface. She, by the way, has her own place among Canada's miscellaneous writers. She has written pleasantly on the customs and folk-lore of Jamaica, and recently published a delightful tale of the tropics, "The Story of Quamin."[1]

No author in the Dominion has a greater claim to being a Canadian than has Miss Pauline Johnson. Her mother was an Englishwoman, who had made her home in Canada, but her father was the late G. H. M. Johnson (Onwanonsyshon) the Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, of the blood royal of the Mohawk tribe, and a scion of one of the fifty noble families belonging to the historical federation founded by Hiawatha over four hundred years ago. First known as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations, it was renamed the Iroquois by early French missionaries and explorers, and in the long fighting with both French and Colonial Revolutionists the Iroquois Indians became famous for their loyalty to the British Crown, and were eventually granted for their fealty the magnificent lands bordering the Grand River in the County of Brant, Ontario. There the tribes still live, and in this Reserve, on her father's estate, "Chiefswood," Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) was born.

"Copper-tinted face, and
smouldering fire
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
To be my proudest claim;"

and she inherited too, for it breathes through some of her finest poems, that loyalty of her Red ancestors to the British flag. After 1892, when she came prominently before the Canadian public by giving a series of recitals from her poems, she travelled considerably about Canada and in England, and repeated those recitals with astonishing success. Whilst she was in London, in 1894, Mr. John Lane published a volume of her verses, "The White Wampum," and in 1903, she published a second volume, "Canadian Born," which reached a second edition within a year. There is fire and passion in these poems of hers, especially in the ballads of the stirring days when the Indian braves still took the war-path. That is a vivid, wonderfully living ballad of "Ojison," the squaw of a Mohawk chief who was carried off by a Huron warrior, and during the long, reckless ride pretended to have been won to love him for his dashing courage, persuaded him to loose her hands so that she might clasp him round the waist to hold herself on the horse, then, feeling cautiously, gripped his scalping knife, cunningly drew it and buried it to the haft in his back, and rode back alone to her tribe. "As Red Men Die," relates with equal force and intensity how a captive chief of the Mohawks dies defiantly, dancing his war dance amid the flames that consume him. But there is pathos and tenderness in such poems as "Workworn," "My English Letter," "Dawendine"; a Whistler-like impressionism in such word-etchings as "Joe," "Marshlands," "Rainfall," "Under Canvas," and a glorious trumpet-note of patriotic pride and triumph in "Canadian Born," and "The Riders of the Plains," and for its picturesque realism and the haunting melody of its lines probably none of her poems has had a wider popularity than her "Song My Paddle Sings."

"August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift."

Miss Pauline Johnson.
(Tekahionwake)

But with all her patriotism and her love of modern Canada, she is at her highest when she is back among the legends and stories of the race that is her own and with which she remains in profoundest sympathy, understanding and sharing their ideals and even envying the Redskin's destiny when at last his soul goes out towards the Happy Hunting Grounds:

"Sailing into the cloud-land, sailing into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done;—
O! dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you."

Latterly, unhappily, Miss Johnson's health has broken down, and she now lies dangerously ill in hospital at Vancouver; and so great is the hold she has taken on the admiration and affection of the Canadian public that some of the leading citizens of Vancouver, her adopted city, have formed a trust and are issuing for her benefit a complete edition of her works in poetry and prose, and it is to be published this autumn on both sides of the Atlantic,[2] the collected poems bearing the fitting title of "Flint and Feather."

Goldwin Smith was ours to begin with, but he gave himself to Canada, and before the close of his long life was the greatest of Canadian journalists and one of her leading historians. Grant Allen, on the other hand, was a Canadian, but he came over here and we kept him, as we have since received from Canada Sir Gilbert Parker[3], Miss Lily Dougall,[4] Robert Barr,[5] James Barr, Beckles Willson, who has written some excellent Canadian travel and historical works,[6] and Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), who has long since exchanged Canada for Simla, and whose well-known novels of Anglo-Indian and American life

[1] Putnams.

[2] Musson Book Co. [3] "Pierre and his People," "The Seats of the Mighty." (Methuen). "The Right of Way," The Trail of the Sword," "The Lane that had no Turning." (Hodder and Stoughton.) [4] "Beggars All." (Longmans), etc. [5] "Cardillac." (Mills & Boon), etc. [6] (Constable.)

have recently achieved the distinction of a collected edition.[1] A. S. Bradley,[2] though he has written largely of the Dominion, was born and remains an Englishman; and the same is true of F. A. Talbot,[3] who was at one one time one of the young lions of Carmelite House; but Miss Jean N. McIlwraith, despite the fact that she is taken up now with American journalism, is a Canadian by birth, and still has her home there. Among other books, she has written some of the ablest novels that have come from the Britains overseas. One recalls her "Curious Career of Roderick Campbell"[4] with admiration, and only last week she published "A Diana of Quebec,"[5] a brilliant romance of Canada during the later years of the American War of Independence, Nelson, then in the beginnings of his career, playing a principal part in it. Other modern Canadian novelists whose reputations have spread beyond the limits of the Dominion are Adeline M. Tesky,[6] W. A. Fraser, Isabel Eccleston Mackay,[7] Valance Patriarch, Virna Sheard,[8] Jennie B. Williams, Marian Keith,[9] Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery),[10] and, one of the newest and most promising, Mabel Burkholder, who in "The Course of Impatience Carningham"[11] tells an entertaining story of Canadian town life, and gives some light, clever sketches of the conditions of the factory workers. I had got this article half written before I heard of what—I have it on good authority—is the best-selling novel in Canada—"The Golden Dog," by William Kirby.[12] I at once procured the book and read it, and, though it is a little old-fashioned in style and a little verbose and leisurely to modern thinking, it is a gallant, full-blooded, abundantly interesting story of the picturesque days when the French were still masters of Quebec. The author died two years ago. After he had written his book, it seems, he could not get it accepted, and it was first published in New York. Its instant and huge success resulted in its being issued in his own land—Canada; and now that it has achieved an English edition I shall be curious to see how the seasoned novel readers of the old country accept it.

Nearly unique among Canadian writers of fiction is Stephen Leacock. I am pleased to know that he was born in England, and that, though he is now a Professor (of Political Economy, of all things!) at the McGill University, Montreal, he retains his sense of humour intact; and if you have not read the irresponsible parodies and burlesques in his two other books[13] you should make amends to yourself at once by getting the new one in which he sketches the characters and tells the stories of some of the dwellers in a little Canadian town.[14] The outline of autobiography with which he prefaces his stories is as delightfully amusing as anything he has written; he is frivolous in his treatment of the scholastic achievements which ended in his taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1903; but if the meaning of this degree is, as he says, that "the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this no new ideas can be imparted to him," it is certain that it has not incapacitated him from imparting to others ideas and narratives that are fresh and new and full of the most irrepressible laughter. He has wrought his book out of the humours of one of those little Canadian towns that "spread their square streets and trim maple trees beside placid lakes almost within echo of the primeval forest," and his quaint, whimsical pages have given me so much pleasure that I am glad he went from England, and can even forgive him for becoming a Professor of Political Economy, since these misfortunes have produced such happy consequences.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The prevailing note in Canadian literature is one of high seriousness; it has humour, but of the quiet, thoughtful, sympathetic kind that rarely goes to irresponsible lengths. It began in a lighter strain, and Judge Haliburton's "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," was the Nova Scotian fountain-head of what we now recognize as typical American humour. But, looking from then till now, you will find that the fantastically whimsical, broadly burlesque merriment of Stephen Leacock is near to being a unique thing in the literature of Canada. America has her full share of that boyish, high-spirited sense of fun; Australia has hers; but there is very little of it again in South Africa. It would be strange were it otherwise, for unlike the history of the other colonies that of South Africa has until quite recent years run through storm and darkness and the Valley of the Shadow; naturally, her literature reflects these things, and such humour as it has is of the grim sort.

As a personal opinion, I think the biggest book that has yet come out of South Africa is Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm."[15] It is years since I read it, but I have the vividest recollection of its minutely drawn Boer and English people and of its wonderfully atmosphered picture of Dutch-Afrikander life on the Karoo, now swept by torrential rains, now parching under blazing suns in seasons of prolonged drought. It offers a strong protest against the wrongs that women endure; but more to the purpose is the powerful, sometimes sordid, but always true and profoundly human, story that it tells. In his valuable, most interestingly written history of "The Union of South Africa,"[16]

Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Miss Gertrude Page.

[1] Constable.
[2] "The Fight with France for North America," "Canada in the Twentieth Century," "The Making of Canada." (Constable).
[3] "The Garden of Canada." (Cassell.)
[4] Constable. [5] Smith, Elder.
[6] "The Yellow Pearl." (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[7] "The House of Many Windows." (Cassell.)
[8] "The Man at Lone Lake." (Cassell.)
[9] "Usbeth of the Dale." (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[10] "Anne of Green Gables." (Pitman.)
[11] Musson Book Co. [12] Jarrold.
[13] "Literary Lapses." "Nonsense Novels. (John Lane.)
[14] "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town." (John Lane.)
[15] Hutchinson. [16] Pitman.

Mr. Basil Worsfold, sometime editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, places Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's "Jock of the Bushveld" as a remarkable companion picture to Olive Schreiner's masterpiece. Apart from Jock, he says, and the wild life of the Bushveld, there is excellent character drawing; "but the white men are English, not Dutch, and the natives are natives as developed under English, not Dutch, influence." But most of the best South African novels were written by Englishmen who lived awhile out there and came home again, and their work belongs to English literature; and prominent among these are Sir H. Rider Haggard,[1] Perceval Gibbon,[2] Stanley Portal Hyatt,[3] Ernest Glanville,[4] Bertram Mitford,[5] a notable world-traveller who has spent half his life in South Africa, and probably written more stories about it than any other man living, and Douglas Blackburn,[6] whom Hyatt has called "the father of the modern school of South African novelists." Latterly we have had some very able novels from Cynthia Stockley,[7] from F. E. Mills Young,[8] from Gertrude Page (Mrs. Dobbin),[9] a colonist of only eight years' standing, whose novels have earned her the title of "The Wizard of Rhodesia"; from Will Westrup,[10] who I believe still lives in the colony; another, who still belongs to it, Francis Carey Slater,[11] has published at least one volume of artistic and virile short stories that have South Africa for their stage; and one who has always belonged to it, being colonial born, W. C. Scully, has put some of the cleverest work in South African fiction into his two volumes—"Between Sun and Sand," and "Kaffir Stories"; while that notable traveller, H. A. Bryden, in addition to numerous books about travel and sport in Africa, has spun two series of immensely good yarns in his "Tales of South Africa" and "From Veldt Camp Fires."[12]

It would need a separate article to say anything adequate of the travel records of such explorers as Livingstone, Stanley, Mungo Park, and of the histories of South Africa and records of its wars with the Boers and with the Zulus, the Matabele, and other such savage races, one of the newest of which records comes from Col. Hamilton-Browne, who fought at Isandlwana;[13] the last Boer War has a vast library to itself of histories, narratives of war-correspondents, novels, verse, and such important miscellaneous volumes as the "Secret Service in South Africa" of Douglas Blackburn and Captain Caddell;[14] and the latest phase of South Africa's development has already produced a notable history from the Hon. R. H. Brand.[15]

If all this enormous output were duly apportioned, however, most of it would be found under the names of Englishmen who were only temporarily resident in the colony; and South Africa, like Australasia, has so far done its most interesting, most voluminous and distinctively Colonial work in verse. The father of South African poetry was Thomas Pringle, a friend of Scott's, who emigrated to the colony in 1820, and founded two papers there, which were suppressed because of their too-outspoken criticism of the Government. His best known poem is "Afar in the Desert"; but I prefer the faithful, sympathetic sketches he gives in other of his poems of the Bushman, the Kaffir, the Hottentot, for there is no denying that his verse is very pedestrian; there is scarcely a line that gives you the sudden thrill and uplift that is in the gift of authentic poetry; he abounds in commonplace thought respectably clothed; but the man's sympathy with the enslaved, degraded, dispossessed native, his deep resentment of wrong and injustice, make his verse good poetry if it cannot make it great. Following Pringle comes a lengthy flow of names, most of which would have no meaning in an English ear, but there is a numerous company of living poets, many of whose names and works have come over to us.

Perhaps the oldest and certainly one of the most accomplished of these is William Elijah Hunter, who dedicates his collected poems[16] to the Rev. John Bransby, "Edgar Allen Poe's schoolmaster and mine." He is a Somersetshire man, but was educated at King's Lynn Grammar School. In 1863 he went out to Natal as headmaster of a public school near Pietermaritzburg, and later was ordained by Bishop Colenso and officiated at St. Peter's Cathedral there. He left Natal after the Zulu War, and worked as a clergyman on the diamond fields. During his Natal days he wrote and published much verse in the *Natal Witness*, and his three volumes contain work that is always thoughtful and instinct with feeling. Since his retirement to Cambridge, Cape Town, in 1909, he has written, among other poems, two sustained monologues, "An Old Kaffir Garrulises" and "A Missionary Returns Thanks," both of which gained first prizes in *The State* literary competitions. A fine catholic spirit breathes through the verse of H. V. Ellis; but more essentially South African in its atmosphere and choice of subject is the work of Denys Lefebre ("Syned")[17] of Lance Fallow, who has found inspiration no less in the lives of modern settlers and miners than in the vicissitudes of the old Dutch pioneers; of Mrs. Beatrice Bromley, Lynn Lyster, and Kingsley Fairbridge. President Reitz has translated Burns into Dutch, and another Dutch poet, Jan Celliers, has won a large vogue among Dutch readers with his lyrics of South African rural life.

Perceval Gibbon began his literary career with a volume of verse—"South African Sketches"—that he

Photo by R. J. Nicholas.

W. E. Hunter.

[1] "She" (Longmans). "King Solomon's Mines" (Cassell). "Red Eve" (Hodder & Stoughton), etc.
[2] "Souls in Bondage," "Vrow Grobelaar's Leading Cases" (Blackwood).
[3] Marcus Hay (Constable). "Black Sheep" (Laurie), etc.
[4] "Tales from the Veldt (Chatto and Windus), etc.
[5] "The River of Unrest" (Ward, Lock.) "The Gun Runner" (Chatto & Windus), etc.
[6] "Jumbo."—"Prince of Prinsloo" (Macmillan.)
[7] "Poppy," "The Claw" (Hurst & Blackett).
[8] "Sam's Kid," "Grit Lawless" (John Lane).
[9] "Love in a Wilderness," "The Edge o' Beyond" (Hurst & Blackett.)
[10] "The Land of To-morrow" (Alston Rivers).
[11] "The Sunburnt South" (Digby Long.)
[12] Hurst & Blackett.
[13] "A Lost Legionary in South Africa" (Werner Laurie.)
[14] Cassell.
[15] "The Union of South Africa" (Henry Frowde).
[16] Grahamstown: African Book Co.
[17] "The Lone Trek" (Elkin Mathews)

published during his early Colonial days, and no other of the Colony's poets has more subtly caught the spirit of her mountain solitudes, or are more finely steeped his imaginings in the loneliness, the majesty, and the magic of the illimitable veldt. W. C. Scully, who, in addition to the other prose I have mentioned, has lately been publishing his reminiscences in *The State* and is issuing a new prose volume this month,[1] has passed the best years of his life in the Civil Service of his native land, and as a magistrate in the Transkei gained an intimate acquaintance with native character and customs, and uses that knowledge to excellent purpose in many of his poems—in "Zulu Pictures," for instance, in "The Cattle Thief," "The Witch Doctor," and "'Nkongane," a perfect etching of one of Dingann's warriors in his old age—a sly, cringing, garrulous, hypocritical, degenerate, old, old man, whose memory still glows

"With the ardour of blood-stained days
And deeds long past—you were one of the doers—
Of spears washed red in the blood of foes,
Of villages wrapped in red flame, of fields
Where the vultures gorged, of the deadly close
Of the impi's horns, and the thundering shields."

Photo by O'Byrne, Johannesburg.
F. E. Walrond.

His descriptive poems, too, such as "The Nahoon," and the sonnet "Namaqualand," have a fine sombreness of tone and colour and equally impressive is his longer, more sustained effort, the "Voices of Africa,"[2] which passes the cities and places and peoples of ancient and modern Africa in review.

I have been especially taken with some of the work of William Blane. He has roughed it on the diamond fields of Kimberley and the gold fields around Johannesburg, and "received the thought and inspiration" for the larger part of his work as a poet from those fields and the men who worked on them with him. He has a Wordsworthian simplicity of phrase, and his chief appeal lies in a certain homeliness of fancy and philosophy, a love of nature, and a wistful reaching after the higher life of the spirit. There is nothing in Colonial poetry more deeply charged with emotion, more tremulously alive with a sense of heartbreak and ineffable sorrow, than the natural, unstudied, human cry of the watcher by that death-bed so piteously revealed in "A Prayer"[3]:

. . . . . I cannot even frame my prayer aright,
And only know
That with her life the loveliness and light
Of mine would go. . . . .

Be near me too! When for her voice, her touch
I yearn alone—
Be near me, Christ, for I shall need Thee much
When she is gone."

Besides doing miscellaneous work as a journalist, Mr. Blane has published two volumes of poems, and is now making a lengthy stay in England and arranging for the publication of a third. He takes a dubious but not unhopeful view of the literary outlook in South Africa, though at present there is little "distinctively" South African literature, and the evident strain after producing some is not healthy. Whatever is distinctive will grow naturally and is not to be had by taking thought. There is a good sale for books in the Colony, he says, but chiefly for the kind known as light literature: "The Colonial and the Colonist devote little or no time to heavy reading, and the lover of books is scarce." The literary and journalistic professions out there, he adds, are neither easy nor profitable. "Except in the case of half-a-dozen editors, there are no good posts, and these are precarious owing to financial and political control. The 'free lance' has a hard time, and often goes to the wall, despite abilities which would have carried him through in any English provincial town. The payment for accepted work is less than in London, although the cost of living is three times as great. Literature in its higher forms is making an effort to assert itself, but all the conditions are against it. Yet something has been done. One after another literary journals have been started—and failed, till to-day *The State* is almost the only survivor. But this has assumed a rank and form not before equalled, and if its financial backing continues it may go on and be imitated. The philosophic writer has not yet asserted himself, if he exists, and if he did hardly any would attend to his message. Poetry is read by few. Publishers are only so in name and do not give encouragement to local work—they say it does not pay. There is little thought of anything except money, money all the time. Still, there are signs of a change. I know at least a score of men who work away hopefully and look for better conditions in the near future, and the Union has improved the position."

Francis Carey Slater.

Withal, and though poetry in South Africa may be read only by the few, Mr. Blane's first volume has had a sale of three thousand, and his second of one. Few readers, forsooth! Why, a poet who could sell like that in this country would feel justified in sending round to the nearest florist's and ordering his laurel-wreath at once.

Representative of the more promising of the younger school of South African poets are Francis Slater, Cullen Gouldsbury and F. E. Walrond,[4] who hails from Glasgow, went out in 1904 to be a clerk in a Johannesburg bank,

[1] "The Ridge of the White Waters." (Stanley Paul.)
[2] "By Veldt and Kopje." (Fisher Unwin.)
[3] "The Silent Land." (Eliot Stock.)
[4] "The Lady Beautiful." (Elkin Mathews.)

and already is subdued by the strange spell of the land of his adoption, so that the beauty and terror, the mystery and elusive fascination of it seem for ever haunting him and striving after utterance in his lines. Mammon appears to be a sort of foster-father of the Muses in South Africa, for Francis Carey Slater[1] is another bank-clerk. He comes of an old Colonial family; his father was a farmer, landowner, and J.P. in Cape Colony. He has the true lyrical gift and a gentle reflective note that is very charming, but I prefer him in such delightful narrative poems as "A Veld Patriarch," with this effortless, picturesque opening:

"Oom Piet and I were sitting on the stoep,
Before us, clear against the cloudless sky,
The mountains of the Dragon reared their heads:
Rugged old warriors, grey with their long watch,
Bescarred by many a storm, bleached by the sun,
And scourged by all the wayward winds of heaven!
The blue-black shadows lingered on the slopes
Like browsing herds; the daughters of the hills
Clapped their white hands, and wimpled through the vales
With merry peals of laughter."

Mr. Slater is still quite young, but I think with Professor Purves, who is probably the leading authority in South Africa on the literature of the country, that he is already "one of the most accomplished of Colonial-born South African poets." The latest of their poets to arrive here is Cullen Gouldsbury, whose "Songs Out of Exile"[2] were published in England last July. He has a strong, sinewy line, a vividness and vigour and headlong sweep that are somehow reminiscent of Kipling, so of course somebody has called him the South African Kipling. But Mr. Gouldsbury is no copy of his master; he has come under Kipling's bracing influence, but has retained his individuality, and in such alert, clear-cut verses as "The Pace of the Ox," "The Testing of the 'Mlimo," "Zama and Zirwa," "The Song of the Carriers," to name no more, he has something new to say and says it newly.

Photo by Stoneham, London.

Edward Heath Crouch.

There are Herbert Price, F. C. Kolbe, Herbert Tucker, Edith Vivian, Theodore Van Beek, and at least a round dozen of others worthy of a niche in this record, but I have failed to obtain their books, and know no more of them than you may learn for yourself from the two judiciously selected and extremely interesting anthologies of South African verse that have been compiled by E. H. Crouch,[3] who will live in the history of South African literature as one of the first and most reliable shepherds of its poetry. It is fitting that the man who has done so much for the poets there and brought them so happily into his fold should be by birth a Colonial. He came to London to complete his education, and was then apprenticed here in the hardware trade, returning to his native land in 1880 to establish at East London a business which had become the most important in its line in that town before he retired into private life in 1900. I say into private life, but he has been serving on the Municipal and Divisional Council of Cambridge, Cape Town, ever since 1905. He is a clever painter in oils, and has accumulated a huge library, that contains many rare old books and valuable first editions. He has travelled considerably; more than once revisiting England, where he is a Freeman of the City of London and a Member of the Honourable Fishmongers Company; and to the fact that he makes a particular hobby of literature, more particularly of poetry, we owe these two volumes that are now the standard anthologies of South African verse. Another good anthology, which admits some of Mr. Crouch's flock and takes in a few that he has missed, is the "Veldsingers Verse"[4] compiled from the works of the members of the Veldsingers Club, "a small company of South Africans," as Olive Schreiner explains in her foreword, "mainly living in Johannesburg," and "bound to one another by their love of verse."

INDIA.

There is no lack of Histories of Indian Literature, but most of them are of little service to the ordinary mortal. They are too severely academic; too largely given over to learned disquisitions on intricacies of philology, nice questions of race, and purely scholastic matters, that are absorbing only to the ferocious student whose interest in literature is limited to the science of words and its bloodless technical side. There is no earthly reason why a History of Literature should not be as interesting to the average reader as any other history of what men have thought and done, but to be so it needs writing by such as can forget how accomplished they are, and have no desire but to interest others in what interests themselves. I happen to have three that are so written,[5] but no History of Indian Literature, even the greatest, has any significance for us in this article, because the splendid literature of India is no part of the literature of Greater Britain. It was in being before England began to dream of becoming a nation, and in the hundred years or so that the Empire of India has been united to the British Empire none of the great things that have been added to its literature have been written in our language.

Then for the thousands of other books about India—social and political histories, books of travel and sport, poetry such as Laurence Hope's,[6] that was written in India and has caught the mystic spirit of the East, biographies of famous Anglo-Indians, memoirs, romances and novels almost without number, translations of Indian classical writings—new books in this kind, or new editions of them, are continually appearing; several of the series of cheap reprints include some, and every

[1] "Footpaths through the Veldt," "In Mimosa Land." (Blackwood.)
[2] Fisher Unwin.
[3] "South African Poetry and Verse," "Sonnets of South Africa." (Fifield.)
[4] J. M. Dent.
[5] "A History of Sanskrit Literature," by A. A. Macdonell (Heinemann), "A Literary History of India," by R. W. Frazer. "A Short History of Indian Literature," by E. Horrwitz. (Unwin.)
[6] "Indian Love," "The Garden of Kama," etc. (Heinemann)

week brings its fresh quota to our doors.[1] The literature that the Boer War occasioned is as a drop in the ocean compared to the literature of every description that has accumulated around the Indian Mutiny. But scarcely any of this comes within our province, for it is nearly all written by Englishmen, and when an Englishman lives and dies in India—even though he is born there as were Thackeray, Kipling, Laurence Oliphant, Eden Phillpotts, and Lord Roberts (an author by virtue of his "Forty-one Years in India," and his great book on Wellington)—he never becomes an Indian, as when he is born or settles in one of the Colonies he becomes a Canadian, an Australasian or a South African.

Speak of Indian literature to the normal Englishman and he naturally thinks of Kipling, for Kipling is the great interpreter through whom the millions of us have come to know India. He has not only helped us to realise the actual lives of the English out there; he first fashioned the native, whom we had known only as we know a picture in a book, into a creature of flesh and blood for us. "Kim," and some of his stories and poems are more valuable to the human student of Indian life and character than all the histories that were ever written. It is scarcely believable that it is about a quarter of a century ago since like a new planet he rose into our ken with the "Departmental Ditties." Thackers published it in India, where he was then a hard working journalist, and I remember what a sort of stirring in the air it occasioned when it began to appear on sale over here. Close on its heels from the Indian publisher came "Soldiers Three," "The City of Dreadful Night," "Under the Deodars," "Wee Willie Winkie," in the little grey, pamphlet-looking volumes that are now worth their weight in gold, and I had my share of the general excitement that was roused by the advent of that rare thing, a new note in our literature. But all this is of the past; Kipling has taken his assured place in the hierarchy of English letters, and has exerted a more potent influence on his English contemporaries, especially in the Colonies, than any author of our time.

Photo by Reginald Haines. **Rudyard Kipling.**

But if Kipling stands supreme on his own ground he does not stand alone. No one compares with him as an Anglo-Indian poet, but amongst other imaginative writers who have given us novels of Indian life of high literary quality and enduring interest are Mrs. Flora Annie Steel,[2] Mrs. Alice Perrin,[3] Mrs. F. E. Penny,[4] Mrs. Maud Diver,[5] and Sidney C. Grier.[6] There are good stories and some illuminating sketches of native character in Sir Edmund Cox's "Achievements of John Carruthers," and in his recently published book, "The Exploits of Kesho Naik, Dacoit,"[7] and good first novels have come from E. M. Dutt,[8] and Kathleen P. Emmett,[9] new recruits to the ranks of Anglo-Indian novelists. A. E. W. Mason has won his fame in other fields, but his Indian story, "The Broken Road,"[10] is among the most brilliant of his books.

This, however, is merely by the way. My purpose is to touch on work that has been done in English by native Indian writers, and only on typical examples of that. There is a goodly number of native journalists writing in English, and writing remarkably well, and for books — Her Highness Nawab Sultan Jahan Begam, the ruler of Bhopal recently wrote "An Account of My Life," but it was written in her own language and translated by her educational adviser, Mr. C. H. Payne;[11] the Jam of Nawanagar (better known to us as Ranjitsinhji wrote his "Jubilee Book of Cricket"[12] in English, and to mention only a few names of Indian authors whose reputations have reached many of us, the Maharaja Cooch Behar has written well on sport; Rajendralala Mitra on matters of antiquarian lore; Muharaini Baroda on "Women in India"; Syed Amir Ali, a judge of the Calcutta High Court, has published books on legal and other subjects; and B. C. Chatterjee stands high among Bengalese novelists. I have read no better novel written by a native Indian in our language than "The Prince of Destiny."[13] It is the story of an Indian student's

[1] "The Buddha's Way of Virtue." Translated by W. D. C. Wagiswara and K. I. Saunders. "Brahma-Knowledge," by L. D. Barnett. (John Murray. Wisdom of the East Series.) "Buddhism," by Mrs. Rhys Davids. (Williams & Norgate. Home University Library.) "A Fly on the Wheel: How I Helped to Govern India," by Lieut.-Col. T. H. Lewin. (Constable.) "The Charm of India." An Anthology. Edited by Claud Field. (Herbert & Daniel.) "Cameos of Indian Crime," by H. Hervey. (Stanley Paul.) Captain L. J. Trotter's "Life of Warren Hastings." "Hudson of Hudson's Horse," and "The Bayard of India." (Dent. Everyman's Library.) "Indian Sculpture and Painting," by E. B. Havell; Sir Bampfylde's "Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment," (Murray.) Colonel Younghusband's "India and Tibet," (Murray) and his "Relief of Chitral" (Macmillan) Rev. E. L. Elvin's "India and the Indians"; Lord Curzon's "East and West" (Murray), "The Web of Indian Life," by Margaret Noble (Sister Nivedita). (Heinemann). "The Lawrences of the Punjab," by F. P. Gibbon. (Dent). "A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda," by the Rev. E. St. Clair Weeden (Hutchinson). "Reminiscences of the Mutiny," by W. Forbes-Mitchin, and Sir G. O. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore." (Macmillan.)

[2] "The Potter's Thumb." (Heinemann.) "On the Face of the Waters." (Hodder & Stoughton).

[3] "The Charm," "The Anglo-Indians." (Methuen), etc.

[4] "Caste and Creed," "The Rajah." (Chatto & Windus), etc.

[5] "Captain Desmond, V.C." (Blackwood). "The Awakening." (Hutchinson), etc.

[6] "The Power of the Kings," "The Advanced Guard." (Blackwood), etc.

[7] Constable.

[8] "The Way of an Eagle." (Unwin.)

[9] "The Silver Zone." (John Murray.)

[10] Smith, Elder.

[11] John Murray.

[12] Ward, Lock.

[13] Rebman.

life in London, and was as emphatic on the dangers of European education to the average Hindoo as Mr. Mason is in "The Broken Road." But Sarath Kumar Ghosh follows his hero's career after he returns to India, and in an enlightened spirit of patriotism sets himself to show what is at the root of the real British peril in India, and how India and England might be brought to a better understanding of one another. Very adequately representative of the poetry written in English by native Indians is the work of Manmohan Ghose.[1] It is scholarly, rather laboriously correct; you feel that the poet is working in a medium that is not natural to him, hence he can never let himself go; he is picking his way carefully through a lyric when he should be soaring on swift wings; he has to give to his syntax the thought that should be surrendered to his theme. His verse is above the average of that of minor English poets; now and then, simply because he has to watch his words and strive for expression, he lights on a magic or startlingly vivid phrase; but on the whole this want of spontaneity makes it no more than a very clever performance, and that is not sufficient for poetry. Finer and more charming, perhaps, are the English poems of the young Hindu poetess, Toru Dutt, but they too are flawed by that touch of artificiality which comes of writing in a foreign tongue, and the same weakness will keep the translations of her uncle, Romesh Chunder Dutt, from being read largely by other than the student.

Romesh Chunder Dutt[2] was one of the most cultured and distinguished of modern Hindu's; he wrote many books in English and in Bengali; and an excellent biography has been written of him by his son-in-law, Mr. J.N. Supta.[3] He studied at London University College, under Professor Henry Morley, passed his examinations and entered the Indian Civil Service, won a high reputation as a divisional commissioner and administrator, and sat for a while on the Bengal Legislative Council. All the time he was working loyally for the advancement of the Empire and the good of his countrymen; and all the time, too, he was devoting himself to the pursuit of literature. "I learnt Sanscrit," he wrote of himself, "after I learnt English, and what a change from the poetry of the West to the poetry of the East! What repose and softness, what warm tints and brilliant lights, what scenes of loveliness and images of beauty! For real poetry of the highest order go to the grand old Indian epics." It was curious, as he said, that he learnt to appreciate Bengali literature after he had learnt to appreciate Shakespeare and Scott. He had studied English literature with enthusiasm but with a discriminating judgment. He translated the two great Indian epics, the "Mahabharata," and the "Ramayana," into English.[4] Not the whole of them, for the "Mahabharata" alone runs to ninety thousand couplets and is, as he remarked, "about seven times the size of the Iliad and the Odyssey put together"; he set himself to cut away all unessential episodes and detach the leading narrative, and this we have in each of those translations he made in to English verse. He wrote books on "The Peasantry of Bengal," "Three Years in India," "The Literature of Bengal," but he was too sound a critic not to realise that "except as a medium for imparting information to the West of the riches of ancient India, the ambition of an Indian to produce anything enduring in English is foredoomed to failure." He and his people rate, I believe, as his finest imaginative work the four historical novels that he wrote in Bengali, one of which "Madhabi Kankan," he translated into English as "The Slave Girl of Agra."

Romesh C. Dutt.

[1] Songs and Elegies. (Elkin Matthews.)
[2] "The Civilization of India," by Romesh C. Dutt. (Dent.)
[3] Dent.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **S. M. Mitra.**

Bengal's chief living poet and man of letters, Rabindra Nath Tagore, is at present visiting England. He is an accomplished English scholar, deeply versed in our language and literature, but he has always written in his own tongue. His name is practically unknown to our public, and we are incompetent to judge him, but it is, we are told, "a household word in the Bengali-speaking world. His songs are heard everywhere from the North-west to Burmah. His poems and dramas, stories and essays, printed in the Indian magazines or circulated in cheap editions, count their readers by tens of thousands. He is the acknowledged master of Bengali literature." He has been translating a selection of his poems into English prose and arrangements are being made to publish the volume this autumn under the editorship of W. B. Yeats.

Nevertheless, if the native Indian may not hope to write anything enduring in English, he writes a good deal in it that is interesting and valuable. S. Radhakrishnan has just published a learned and very admirably written work on "Essentials of Psychology"[5]; S. M. Mitra is publishing this month a collection of his Anglo-Indian studies; and there are native Indian authors who bid fair to become formidable competitors for the average English novelist. I have heard from several who are keen to win success in this direction and whose outlook and experiences are typified in those of S. B. Banerjea, a well known Calcutta journalist. After

[4] Dent. (Everyman's Library.) [5] Henry Frowde.

he had taken his degree in the Inter Arts examination, his father wished him to study for the bar, and he was prepared to obey, but a break-down of his health interfered with his plans. During his illness, more as a pastime than otherwise, he devoted himself to novel writing, and by the time he was better, the scribbling fever had taken him too strongly to be resisted. He contributed articles gratis to divers papers; tried them with short stories which were rejected, then had the satisfaction of getting an article accepted and well paid for by a Chicago weekly. The editor of that weekly invited further contributions, and he proceeded to deluge him with stories and articles which all came back. In despair, he took himself severely to task and realised that all was not well with his English, so he had a course of lessons in article and short story writing from an American school of journalism. What he learned of his faults there was, he says, "an eye-opener"; and as a result of this tuition he was presently contributing freely to various Indian and English journals. In 1907, reprinting several of his newspaper and magazine sketches, he published his first book, "Misunderstood." His next, a scientific romance of the Jules Verne pattern called "1513 Sal," appeared in 1908; but this was written in the Indian vernacular —it was, he remarks, the first scientific romance published in the Bengali language, and he is now preparing an English translation of it. In 1909 he published in Allahabad a play in one act, "The Inimitable Mrs. Markhamby," and a sensational novel, "Thieves and Swindlers," and in London another novel, "The Adventures of Mrs. Russell." In 1910 appeared his "Tales of Bengal,"[1] which was eulogised in a column review by *The Times*, and in two columns by *The Anglo-India Journal*, which followed our own bad example with the Kipling school and dubbed him "the Bengali George Eliot"; and last year came a volume of "Indian Detective Stories."[2]

Mr. Banerjea has for some four or five years been active on the staff of an Anglo-Indian daily, and is Calcutta correspondent of a prominent Continental daily. He complains that there is no literary life in India "as one finds it in Europe and America. Here, ninety-nine authors out of a hundred have to publish books at their own expense; seventy per cent. of them fail to pay their way, twenty-five per cent. return a little to their authors; and only five per cent. prove really successful, in this last class being included law books and school and college texts as well as fiction. The reason for this is that the buying public is so small. Things would undoubtedly be improved if enterprising publishers of the Western type would come into being here. As for journalistic life, the less said about it the better; few journals yield a sufficient revenue, and the rest struggle and live precarious lives." He is at present engaged on a semi-religious novel and a small book dealing with the supernatural, and is laying plans, which he believes will mature triumphantly, for starting an English daily in Calcutta.

S. B. Banerjea.

Whether India will ever make any appreciable addition to the literature of Greater Britain is a matter that is still on the knees of the gods; but the Colonies have already added to its riches, and it would not be surprising if the great creative English literature of the future came from them rather than from us. When wealth accumulates it is not only men that decay; and where there is too much criticism there is never enough new literature. It may seem strange at first blush, especially when their rawness and lack of cultured environment is considered, that the literature of the Colonies should have run so largely to poetry; but there is nothing strange in that, of course, for poetry is one of the attributes of youth. Was it not said when our nation was younger that England, too, was a nest of singing birds? But we are past our nonage. Born to a glorious literary heritage, with a great literature ready made for us, we have less incentive to increase it than to write about and to criticise it. Our morning is behind us; the bloom has been rubbed from our enthusiasms—in a word, we are grown up; and I sometimes fancy that, in our literary aspect, we have arrived at that mature, uninspired, mid-day stage when a man is not so naturally disposed to be restless and over-energetic as to settle to a comfortable after-lunch nap. With the Colonies it is all otherwise. They are still at the beginning; they have not had time yet to do much for themselves and happily have not had everything done for them; and the distinctive note of their literature—for, after all, it has one—is its abounding youthfulness, its vigour and freshness, its eagerness of achievement, the sense of impetuous aspiration and undeveloped power that underlies its often careless utterance. They are still at the beginning, with everything to do, a great literature yet to make, the world before them; and they are going forward in that strength of their youth with the dawn still in their faces.

[1] Longmans. [2] Gay & Hancock.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epitaph on the late summer in four lines of verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best Lyric is awarded to Miss Helen K. Watts, of Lenton Vicarage, Nottingham, for the following:

TO A LANDSCAPE ARTIST.

Thus our Mother, Nature, "*From the world I veil me:*
Old and weary-hearted may not read mine eyes:
'Tis the deathless children in a rapture wise
Love me as if human, as a spirit hail me!"

So you follow, follow, where Her robes are sweeping
Warm ethereal light across the morning sky,
Where the contemplative shining waters lie,
All Her gentlest secrets in their quiet keeping.

Trees have whispered to you, "Little human Brother,
Mystically tender is Her veiléd face:
We who once have seen its dear elusive grace
Serve in patient rapture evermore the Mother!"

Winds have touched your spirit with Her fleetest feeling,
Dreamy smiles and passions wistful unto tears:
Night has murmured, sleeping, "As my Silence nears,
Lo, the moments of Her mightiest revealing!"

So you follow, follow, passionately tender,
With a child's wise rapture, till She knows you true:
Till She turns to greatly give Herself to you,
And your eyes behold Her in unveiléd splendour!

John from dreary Patmos saw a City golden
Gloriously builded in the desert skies:
Pictured it sublimely unto blinder eyes
Till they too in vision saw the Unbeholden!

Lo, we walk unseeing over fields Elysian,
Darkly through the glowing Paradisal light,
Till the Heaven about us flashes into sight
Underneath the fingers of the Sons of Vision!

HELEN K. WATTS.

We select for printing:

FEET IN THE SNOW.

Little feet in the snow,
Tell me, where do you go?
And tell me, who did you bear?
Was it a maiden fair?
Say, was she tall and slender?
Her eyes, were they merry or tender?
Her lips, did they mock or smile?
I shall know in a little while,
For know, little feet in the snow,
I shall follow wherever you go.

Little feet in the snow,
Do you know why I love you so?
Your stainless soul I have read
In your firm white maiden tread.
The thoughts you shed around
Were pure as the snow on the ground.
But alas! Busy snowflakes white
Fast cover your traces light;
I shall never know where you go,
Little feet in the snow.

(Dorothy Poole, South Lawn, Godalming.)

PARTING.

Love, I have come to waken you,
With lips a-tremble, heart a-sore;
The world is sleeping while we two
Must meet this once, and meet no more:
The mighty moon is near, my love,
The wistful stars are sad on high,—
And there is no one here, my love,
But God—and you and I!

I feel your bosom beating fast,
I see the tears upon your face;
Farewell!—this kiss must be our last,
And this the last, the last, embrace:
Be strong, and do not fear, my love,
To speak this bitter sad goodbye,
For there is none to hear, my love,
But God—and you and I!

(Norman Davidge Gullick, 6, Chantry Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

Love in a garden playing
Spied where two friends drew nigh,
Carelessly laughing and talking.
Love, grown suddenly shy,
Hid in a tangle of misty green
Watching the two stroll by.

Nobody saw the rascal.
(Nobody looked to see.)
Love selected his arrow,
Fitted it in with glee,
Laughing, sped it upon its course
Then turned him round to flee.

But subtle tendrils held him
Snared at ankle and wrist.
Vainly the culprit struggled,
Trying each turn and twist,
Till the lovers parted the tangle
And there lay Love in a mist.

(Guenn F. Newnham, "Westbrook," York Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.)

There are good Lyrics, too, among the many others that have been sent in, and we select from among them for special commendation those written by Isidore G. Ascher (London, W.), E.R. (Hull), Lorna Fane (Rhyl), C. G. Taylor (Heswall), M. S. Carter (Brighton), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), T. Scharf (London, N.E.), Violet Pascoe Williams (London, S.E.). Bertram N. Parker (Matlock Bath), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Wayland Young (Sheffield), Maude Collett (Wimbledon), W. G. Priest (Norwich), Wilfrid M. Appleby (Southend-on-Sea), Mona Garrod Turner (Southwold), Miss I. M. S. Keely (Twickenham), John Helston (New Wandsworth), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury), Thomas Sharp (Merton Park), Wallace Davies (Salop), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Arthur Shearsby (Leamington Spa), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Lily Irwin (Leamington Spa), Jim Crabbe (Breechin), A. M. Bowyer Rosmann (London, N.), M. A. Newman (Badingham), G. T. Holme (Gt. Malvern), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Mary Bradford Whiting (Ramsgate), Marjorie

C. Barnard (London, S.W.), M. F. Cock (Ashford), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), H. R. King (Streatham), Edward S. D. Liveing (Warwick), Margaret Painter (Wimbledon), Agnes E. M. Baker (West Hampstead), Kate Bedford (Brighouse), Thomas H. Green (Eastbourne), C. Evan Jones (Brockenhurst), H. M. Waithman (Chudleigh), Aaron Isenberg (Liverpool), Percy Merriman (Highgate), Ellen B. Watts (Penistone), Norman Davidge Gullick (Bristol), Rose E. Sharland (Bristol), Edmund Howard (Putney), A. H. Scales (Paddington), Dorothea Anderson (Dumfries), Herbert Hodder (Kingston-on-Thames), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), Nigel O. Parry (Ruabon), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet, Hants), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), E. Frederic Seymour (Kilburn), Edith Jotham (Port St. Mary), Doris Dean, Isaac Rosinberg (Hampstead), Martin Kinder (Norwich), Marcia Knight (Rushdene), Annie M. Luke (Plumstead), Edith M. Hills (Boxmoor), Annie Kate Hickson (Leicester), William Nettleton (Huddersfield), Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Eastbourne), P. Selver (Fulham), Albert Fuller (Cardiff).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Stewart L. Blaxley, of 14, King's Road, Bicester, Oxon, for the following:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT LADY.
Edited by M. CHARLES NICOULLAND. (Heinemann.)

Alas, I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.
TENNYSON—*The Talking Oak.*

We also select for printing:

A LOST IDENTITY. By DAVID HENNESSEY.

"Domestic bliss has proved my bane,
A harder case you never heard.
My wife (in other matters sane)
Pretends that I'm a Dickey-bird!"
Ballads by Sir W. S. GILBERT—"*Bab.*"

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Fleet, Hants.)

INITIALS ONLY. By ANNA KATHERINE GREEN. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"O breathe not his name."
TOM MOORE'S Songs.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

"HOW 'TWAS." By STEPHEN REYNOLDS. (Macmillan.)

"No doubt the Editor of 'Notes and Queries'
Or 'Things not generally known' could tell."
C. S. CALVERLEY—*To Mrs. Goodchild.*

(Miss M. K. Perkins, at Heathfield Lodge, Ilkley, Yorks.)

"THE LADY NEXT DOOR." By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending."
WORDSWORTH—*The Solitary Reaper.*

(A. Ernest Smith, 119, Whipps Cross Road, Leytonstone, N.E.)

"THE LADY NEXT DOOR." By HAROLD BEGBIE.

"I look'd at her and look'd again
And did not wish her mine."
WORDSWORTH—*The Two April Mornings.*

(Thomas Sharp, 8, Broadwater Terrace, Cannon Hill Lane, Merton Park, S.W.)

"ONE OF US." By GILBERT FRANKAU. (Chatto & Windus.)

"The delicate question, which
Of us two goes to the kettle, arose,
And we argued it out as sich."
W. S. GILBERT—*The Lay of the Nancy Bell.* Bab Ballads.

(Claude L. Penrose, G.C., R.M. Academy, Woolwich.)

THE LEE SHORE. By R. MACAULAY (winner of the first prize in the Hodder and Stoughton £1,000 Prize Novel Competition).

"I bear away my recompense."
WORDSWORTH—*To the Highland Girl of Inversneyde.*

(Miss H. M. Ingle, 67, Bournemouth Road, Merton Park, S.W.)

III.—We have received a very large number of quotations suitable for placing on the Memorial to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, but much the best of these is one that has been submitted by fifteen different Competitors. We therefore divide the Prize between the two whose answers were sent in first, and are forwarding TWO NEW BOOKS to Mrs. B. M. Renton, of Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Mr. T. H. Raymond, of the Mill House, Ashurst, Kent, for the following:

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."
HAMLET.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. W. F. Spalding, of 22, Lightcliffe Road, Palmer's Green, N., for the following:

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FOOL. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. (Swift, Stephen & Co.)

August Strindberg's life was undoubtedly a strange one, but the unhappiness of his marriage, however appalling, hardly justified his writing these revelations. The theme, drawn from a critical observance of his wife's character, is distinguished by a peculiar rhetorical force, and for cynicism, satire and invective, the confessions he has attributed to this "fool" surpass anything penned by Rousseau. The bitterness revealed is unpleasantly like the product of a disordered mind, and one wonders with what feelings the prudish critics of "Jude the Obscure" or the "New Machiavelli" will view the appearance of this remarkably outspoken contribution to European literature.

Among the rest of the other reviews received are:

"THE RED HAND OF ULSTER." By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Smith Elder & Co.)

This delightful book should be read by every politician at the earliest possible instant, for its theme is the attitude of Ulster towards Home Rule, to-day, to-morrow, and the day after—or rather in the middle of next week. The narrator of these serio-comic happenings, Lord Kilmore, is wholly unbiassed, and satirises everybody's politics, with equal impartiality and wit. There is sparkling humour on every page, yet a grim earnestness in places which the most superficial reader cannot fail to apprehend. Indeed, one wonders at times whether tragedy will rule the final scene, but happily Burlesque prevails.

(Arnold S. Walton, 81, Park Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

THE GREEK GENIUS, AND ITS MEANING TO US. By R. W. LIVINGSTONE. (Clarendon Press.)

A spirited defence of the teaching of classics as opposed to the idea of substituting modern languages. The author compares products of the Greek genius, such as Sappho or Homer, with representative moderns like the Brownings and Oscar Wilde. He lays especial stress on the fact that the great attention paid by the Greeks to the care and development of the body was never allowed to interfere with the cultivation of their intellectual powers. Hence, he argues that the Greek genius is not only a living force, but one that is singularly applicable to the conditions of modern life.

(D. Lefehure, Burnham, St. Aubyn's, Jersey.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by E. Kathleen White (London, W.), James A. Richards (Tenby), R. G. Wyatt (Wimbledon), Miss Lewin Lane (Wolverhampton), Mary Kingdom (Mallaig), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), William F. Robinson (Cambridge), M. A. Newman (Badingham), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Annie Elack Higgins (Hoylake), Irene Pollock Lalondo (Bath), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss L. Mugford (Kent), C. Glasgow (Westbury), J. F. Hams (Cambridge), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Miss J. Lewthwaite (Birkenhead), Miss Richey (Belfast), W. R. Dodds Fairbairn (Edinburgh), Maurice Frank (London, S.W.),

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Edward Ward, 112, Chichester Road, South Shields.

ANDREW LANG.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

By Edmund Gosse, C.B.

INVITED to note down some of my recollections of Andrew Lang, I find myself suspended between the sudden blow of his death and the slow development of memory, now extending in unbroken friendship over thirty-five years. The magnitude and multitude of Lang's performances, public and private, during that considerable length of time almost paralyse expression; it is difficult to know where to begin or where to stop. Just as his written works are so extremely numerous as to make a pathway through them a formidable task in bibliography, no one book standing out predominant, so his character, intellectual and moral, was full of so many apparent inconsistencies, so many pitfalls for rash assertion, so many queer caprices of impulse, that in a whole volume of analysis, which would be tedious, one could scarcely do justice to them all. I will venture to put down, almost at haphazard, what I remember that seems to me to have been overlooked, or inexactly stated, by those who wrote, often very sympathetically, at the moment of his death, always premising that I speak rather of a Lang of from 1877 to 1890, when I saw him very frequently, than of a Lang whom younger people met chiefly in Scotland.

When he died, all the newspapers were loud in proclaiming his "versatility." But I am not sure that he was not the very opposite of versatile. I take "versatile" to mean changeable, fickle, constantly ready to alter direction with the weathercock. The great instance of versatility in literature is Ruskin, who adopted diametrically different views of the same subject at different times of his life, and defended them with equal ardour. To be versatile seems to be unsteady, variable. But Lang was through his long career singularly unaltered; he never changed his point of view; what he liked and admired as a youth he liked and admired as an elderly man. It is true that his interests and knowledge were vividly drawn along a surprisingly large number of channels, but while there was abundance there does not seem to me to have been versatility. If a huge body of water boils up from a crater, it may pour down a dozen paths outside, but these will always be the same; unless there is an earthquake, new cascades will not form nor old rivulets run dry. In some authors earthquakes do take place—as in Tolstoi, for instance, and in S. T. Coleridge—but nothing of this kind was ever manifest in Lang, who was extraordinarily multiform, yet in his varieties strictly consistent from Oxford to the grave. As this is not generally perceived, I will take the liberty of expanding my view of his intellectual development.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Andrew Lang.**

To a superficial observer in late life the genius of Andrew Lang had the characteristics which we are in the habit of identifying with precocity. Yet he had not been, as a writer, precocious in his youth. One slender volume of verses represents all that he published in book form before his thirty-fifth year. No doubt we shall learn in good time what he was doing before he flashed upon the world of journalism in all his panoply of graces, in 1876, at the close of his Merton fellowship. He was then, at all events, the finest finished product of his age, with the bright armour of Oxford burnished on his body to such a brilliance that humdrum eyes could hardly bear the radiance of it. Of the terms behind, of the fifteen years then dividing him from St. Andrews, we know as yet but little; they were years of insatiable acquirement, incessant reading, and talking, and observing—gay preparation for a life to be devoted, as no other life in our time has been, to the stimulation of other people's observation and talk and reading. There was no cloistered virtue about the bright and petulant Merton don. He was already flouting and jesting, laughing with Ariosto in the sunshine, performing with a snap of his fingers tasks which might break the back of a pedant, and concealing under an affectation of carelessness a literary ambition which knew no definite bounds.

In those days, and when he appeared for the first time in London, the poet was paramount in him. Jowett is said to have predicted that he would be greatly

famous in this line, but I know not what evidence Jowett had before him. Unless I am much mistaken, it was not until Lang left Balliol that his peculiar bent became obvious. Up to that time he had been a promiscuous browser upon books, much occupied, moreover, in the struggle with ancient Greek, and immersed in Aristotle and Homer. But in the early days of his settlement at Merton he began to concentrate his powers, and I think there were certain influences which were instant and far-reaching. Among them one was pre-eminent. When Andrew Lang came up from St. Andrews he had found Matthew Arnold occupying the ancient chair of Poetry at Oxford. He was a listener at some at least of the famous lectures which, in 1865, were collected as "Essays in Criticism"; while one of his latest experiences as a Balliol undergraduate was hearing Matthew Arnold lecture on the study of Celtic literature. His conscience was profoundly stirred by "Culture and Anarchy" (1869); his sense of prose-form largely determined by "Friendship's Garland" (1871). I have no hesitation in saying that the teaching and example of Matthew Arnold prevailed over all other Oxford influences upon the intellectual nature of Lang, while, although I think that his personal acquaintance with Arnold was very slight, yet in his social manner there was, in early days, not a little imitation of Arnold's aloofness and superfine delicacy of address. It was unconscious, of course, and nothing would have enraged Lang more than to have been accused of "imitating Uncle Matt."

The structure which his own individuality now began to build on the basis supplied by the learning of Oxford, and in particular by the study of the Greeks, and "dressed" by courses of Matthew Arnold, was from the first eclectic. Lang eschewed as completely what was not sympathetic to him as he assimilated what was attractive to him. Those who speak of his "versatility" should recollect what large tracts of the literature of the world, and even of England, existed outside the dimmest apprehension of Andrew Lang. It is, however, more useful to consider what he did apprehend; and there were two English books, published in his Oxford days, which permanently impressed him: one of these was "The Earthly Paradise," the other D. G. Rossetti's "Poems." In after years he tried to divest himself of the traces of these volumes, but he had fed upon their honey-dew and it had permeated his veins.

Not less important an element in the garnishing of a mind already prepared for it by academic and æsthetic studies was the absorption of the romantic part of French literature. Andrew Lang in this, as in everything else, was selective. He dipped into the wonderful lucky-bag of France wherever he saw the glitter of romance. Hence his approach, in the early seventies, was threefold: towards the mediæval *lais* and *chansons*, towards the sixteenth-century Pléiade, and towards the school of which Victor Hugo was the leader in the nineteenth century. For a long time Ronsard was Lang's poet of intensest predilection; and I think that his definite ambition was to be the Ronsard of modern England, introducing a new poetical dexterity founded on a revival of pure humanism. He had in those days—what he lost, or at least dispersed, in the weariness and growing melancholia of later years—a splendid belief in poetry as a part of the renown of England, as a heritage to be received in reverence from our fathers, and to be passed on, if possible, in a brighter flame. This honest and beautiful ambition to shine as one of the permanent benefactors to national verse, in the attitude so nobly sustained four hundred years ago by Du Bellay and Ronsard, was unquestionably felt by Andrew Lang through his bright intellectual April, and supported him from Oxford times until 1882, when he published "Helen of Troy." The cool reception of that epic by the principal judges of poetry caused him acute disappointment, and from that time forth he became less eager and less serious as a poet, more and more petulantly expending his wonderful gifts on fugitive subjects. And here again, when one comes to think of it, the old history repeated itself, since in "Helen of Troy" Lang simply suffered as Ronsard had done in the "Franciade." But the fact that 1882 was his year of crisis, and the tomb of his brightest ambition, must be recognised by everyone who closely followed his fortunes at that time.

Lang's habit of picking out of literature and of life the plums of romance, and these alone, comes to be, to the dazzled observer of his extraordinarily vivid intellectual career, the principal guiding line. This determination to dwell, to the exclusion of all other sides of any question, on its romantic side is alone enough to rebut the charge of versatility. Lang was in a sense encyclopædic; but the vast dictionary of his knowledge had blank pages, or pages pasted down, on which he would not, or could not, read what experience had printed. Absurd as it sounds, there was always something maidenly about his mind, and he glossed over ugly matters, sordid and dull conditions, so that they made no impression whatever upon him. He had a trick, which often exasperated his acquaintances, of declaring that he had "never heard" of things that everybody else was very well aware of. He had "never heard the name" of people he disliked, of books that he thought tiresome, of events that bored him; but, more than this, he used the formula for things and persons whom he did not wish to discuss. I remember meeting in the street a famous professor, who advanced with uplifted hands and greeted me with "What *do* you think Lang says now? That he has never heard of Pascal!" This merely signified that Lang, not interested (at all events for the moment) in Pascal, nor in the professor, thus closed at once all possibility of discussion.

It must not be forgotten that we have lived to see him, always wonderful indeed, and always passionately devoted to perfection and purity, but worn, tired, harassed by the unceasing struggle, the life-long slinging of sentences from that inexhaustible ink-pot. In one of the most perfect of his poems, "Natural Theology," Lang speaks of Cagn, the great hunter, who once was kind and good, but who was spoiled by fighting many things. Lang was never "spoiled," but he was injured; the surface of the radiant coin was rubbed by the vast and interminable handling of journalism. He was jaded by the toil of writing many things. Hence it is not possible but that those who knew him intimately in his later youth and early middle age should prefer to look back at those years when he was the freshest, the most exhilarating figure in living literature, when a star seemed to dance upon the crest of his already silvering hair. Baudelaire exclaimed of Théophile Gautier:

XUM

"Homme heureux! homme digne d'envie! il n'a jamais aimé que le Beau!" and of Andrew Lang in those brilliant days the same might have been said. As long as he had confidence in beauty he was safe and strong; and much that, with all affection and all respect, one cannot deny was rasping and disappointing in his attitude to literature in his latest years, seems to have been due to a decreasing sense of confidence, of certitude, in the intellectual sources of beauty. It is dangerous, in the end it must be fatal, to sustain the entire structure of life and thought on the illusions of romance. But that was what Lang did; he built his house upon the rainbow.

The charm of Andrew Lang's person and company was founded upon a certain lightness, an essential gentleness and elegance, which were relieved by a sharp touch; just as a very dainty fruit may be preserved from mawkishness by something delicately acid in the rind of it. His nature was slightly inhuman: it was unwise to count upon its sympathy beyond a point which was very easily reached in social intercourse. If any single soul showed an inclination, in eighteenth-century phrase, to "repose on the bosom" of Lang, that support was immediately withdrawn, and the confiding one fell among thorns. Lang was like an Angora cat, whose gentleness, and soft fur, and general aspect of pure amenity, invite to caresses which are suddenly met by the outspread paw with claws awake. This uncertain and freakish humour was the embarrassment of his friends, who, however, were preserved from despair by the fact that no malice was meant and that the weapons were instantly sheathed again in velvet. Only, the instinct to give a sudden slap, half in play, half in fretful caprice, was incorrigible. No one among Lang's intimate friends but has suffered from this feline impulse, which did not spare even the serenity of Robert Louis Stevenson. But, tiresome as it sometimes was, this irritable humour seldom cost Lang a friend who was worth preserving.

His own swift spirit never brooded upon an offence, and could not conceive that anyone else should mind what he himself minded so little and forgot so soon. Impressions swept over him very rapidly, and injuries passed completely out of his memory. Indeed, all his emotions were too fleeting, and in this there was something fairy-like; quick and keen and blithe as he was, he did not seem altogether like an ordinary mortal, nor could the appeal to gross human experience be made to him with much chance of success. This, doubtless, is why almost all imaginative literature which is founded upon the darker parts of life, all squalid and painful tragedy, all stories that "don't end well," all religious experiences, all that is not superficial and romantic, was irksome to him. He tried sometimes to reconcile his mind to the consideration of real life; he concentrated his matchless powers on it; but he always disliked it. He could persuade himself to be partly just to Ibsen or Hardy or Dostoieffsky, but what he really enjoyed was Dumas *pere*, because that fertile romance-writer rose serene above the phenomena of actual human experience. We have seen more of this type in English literature than the Continental nations have in theirs, but we have seen no instance of its strength and weakness so eminent as Andrew Lang. He was the fairy in our midst, the wonder-working, incorporeal and tricksy fay of letters, who paid for all his wonderful gifts and charms by being not quite a man of like passions with the rest of us. In some verses which he scribbled to R.L.S. and threw away, twenty years ago, he acknowledged this unearthly character, and, speaking of the depredations of his kin, he said:

> "Faith, they might steal *me*, wi' ma will,
> And, ken'd I ony Fairy hill,
> I'd lay me down there, snod and still,
> Their land to win;
> For, man, I've maistly had my fill
> O' this world's din."

His wit had something disconcerting in its impishness. Its rapidity and sparkle were dazzling, but it was not quite human; that is to say, it conceded too little to the exigencies of flesh and blood. If we can conceive a seraph being funny, it would be in the manner of Andrew Lang. Moreover, his wit usually danced over the surface of things, and rarely penetrated them. In verbal parry, in ironic misunderstanding, in breathless agility of topsy-turvey movement, Lang was like one of Milton's "yellow-skirted fays," sporting with the helpless, moon-bewildered traveller. His wit often had a depressing, a humiliating effect, against which one's mind presently revolted. I recollect an instance which may be thought to be apposite: I was passing through a phase of enthusiasm for Emerson, whom Lang very characteristically detested, and I was so ill-advised as to show him the famous epigram called "Brahma." Lang read it with a snort of derision (it appeared to be new to him), and immediately he improvised this parody:

> "If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
> Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
> They know not, poor misguided souls,
> They, too, shall perish unconsoled.
> *I* am the batsman and the bat,
> *I* am the bowler and the ball,
> The umpire, the pavilion cat,
> The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all."

This would make a pavilion cat laugh, and I felt that Emerson was done for. But when Lang had left me, and I was once more master of my mind, I reflected that the parody was but a parody, wonderful for its neatness and quickness, and for its seizure of what was awkward in the roll of Emerson's diction, but essentially superficial. However, what would wit be if it were profound? I must leave it there, feeling that I have not explained why Lang's extraordinary drollery in conversation so often left on the memory a certain sensation of distress.

But this was not the characteristic of his humour at its best, as it was displayed throughout the happiest period of his written work. If, as seems possible, it is as an essayist that he will ultimately take his place in English literature, this element will continue to delight fresh generations of enchanted readers. I cannot imagine that the preface to his translation of "Theocritus," "Letters to Dead Authors," "In the Wrong Paradise," "Old Friends," and "Essays in Little," will ever lose their charm; but future admirers will have to pick their way to them through a tangle of history and anthropology and mythology, where there may be left no perfume and no sweetness. I am impatient to see this vast mass of writing reduced to the limits of its author's delicate, true, but somewhat evasive and ephemeral

genius. However, as far as the circumstances of his temperament permitted, Andrew Lang has left with us the memory of one of our most surprising contemporaries, a man of letters who laboured without cessation from boyhood to the grave, who pursued his ideal with indomitable activity and perseverance, and who was never betrayed except by the loftiness of his own endeavour. Lang's only misfortune was not to be completely in contact with life, and his work will survive exactly where he was most faithful to his innermost illusions.

New Books.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

In this, the latest volume of Mr. Lane's edition of Anatole France's works, we are carried back to France of the latter years of Louis XIV., and we are introduced to two of the author's most celebrated characters, Elme Laurent Jacques Ménétrier, otherwise Jacques Tournebroche, and the Abbé Jérôme Coignard. Jacques is a youth who turns the spit in his father's cook-shop in the Rue Saint Jacques at the sign of the Reine Pédaque, and the Abbé is a learned but dissolute priest, who wanders in there one day for something to eat and gets himself installed as his tutor. Then comes Monsieur d'Astarac, the rich and mad astrologer, who carries them off to his house outside Paris, in order that they may work in his library. There are the usual adventures with pretty girls, and finally there is a flight from Paris, a pursuit, the violent death of poor Coignard, and the return to Paris of Jacques Tournebroche, who ends up as a bookseller at the Sign of the Image de Sainte Catherine.

Of course, this is hardly the merest epitome of the novel, but then there is nothing to be gained by trying to epitomise novels of Anatole France. For the story, as such, is relatively unimportant, and the whole charm and exquisite flavour of his books is in their atmosphere, their delicate perception of character, and their general air of irony and culture. *At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque* is no exception to this. The story, though it is certainly full of amusing and even exciting incidents, is, as it were, something almost apart from the characters. They seem to fall into it, and it has no real influence upon them except in so much as it gives them new ideas for conversation. They are not really influenced by their surroundings, as the figures in a Russian novel are, let us say, but they appear to be already formed and to be taking life as a matter of course. No doubt this is rather an exaggeration, but, in the main, it is the impression one gathers from reading a book such as *At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque*. It is the picturesque method developed intellectually. Probably, much of this arises from Anatole France's habit (as Mr. Locke mentions in his preface), of representing his own views in the guise of one of his characters. One can easily see how that would be apt to focus the interest of the book, and not only the interest but the reality, on the opinions its figures express, rather than on the adventures they encounter.

The Anatole France of this novel, if one may use the phrase, is most assuredly the Abbé Coignard. He it is whose ripe learning, wisdom, and geniality, spread a warm glow from cover to cover. He is also, by the way, a cheat, thief, and a licentious-minded drinker, but he carries everything off with such good grace that one does not seem to object at all. His love of learning is a genuine passion, and his work in the library of Monsieur d'Astarac deserved a better fate than that fire which consumed his manuscript at the same time as it consumed the unfortunate astrologer himself. This Monsieur d'Astarac is a very extraordinary creation. Although quite mad in his pursuit of salamanders, he is not without a certain astuteness that gives one an uneasy feeling that perhaps, he realized more of what was going on around him than he cared to acknowledge. For his conversation is almost entirely that sort of farago of learned nonsense that used to pass muster amongst the old astrologers. He is of course, great on transmuting metals, reading the starry heavens, and crystal-gazing, and, like all madmen, he is made only more certain in his madness by each disappointment and failure. Perhaps the most thrilling moment in the book is, when his house is being burned down, the alchemist is seen running round the parapet, calling aloud, "I rise on the wings of the flame into the abode of divine life" before falling back into the blazing mass. Then there is Tournebroche, the ardent and unscrupulous lover, the eager scholar, the adventurous youth on the threshold of life; and there is Brother Ange, the "unworthy Capuchin," full of failings and very human; and there is the frail and beautiful Catherine, and the equally frail and still more beautiful Jael; and there is the uncertain and fiery-tempered Monsieur d'Anquetil, whose money wins Jael from Tournebroche; and there are others too numerous and too unimportant to mention particularly.

But anyone who knows anything about Anatole France, knows that it is in the dialogues his characters indulge in that you get the concentrated essence of the author. Into these he pours all his ironical and clear philosophy, his exposure of human folly, his wisdom and his wide familiarity with the classics and the Middle Ages. The best that a reviewer can do is to send the reader straight to the book.

All the same there is something that disappoints one about this novel. It seems to lack depth and it does not move one. There is little sign of "tragic conflict" in the hearts of the various characters, for indeed, it is obvious that they are incapable of much suffering. They are real in a sense, but their reality is on the surface. Like everything Anatole France writes the book is complete and brilliant but even so it is not difficult to realize its limitations. For true genius it cannot hold a candle to "Thaïs."

As regards the translation, this certainly appears to be a competent piece of work, though of course, one cannot help losing by having to read the book in English. It is impossible to convey the finish and beauty of Anatole France's style; and, without that, the bloom is gone. And the practice of putting explanatory notes at the foot of the text is one that should be avoided. One does not wish the book to lose its character of fiction. If a reader wants to know who all these obscure people are that are alluded to he should be left to find out for himself. After all, this is a novel and not a work of history.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. With an Introduction by William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE FOURTH GENERATION.*

What a full and interesting life has been Mrs. Ross's! And on what an overflowing treasury of memories has she not drawn to fill, again to overflowing, the four hundred pages of "The Fourth Generation"! A glance at the index whets the most jaded appetite; for, tumbling over each other, leap the names of Kinglake, Richard Doyle, Tom Taylor, Tennyson, Layard, George Meredith, Grote, Buckle, de Lesseps, Watts, Barthélemy St. Hilaire,

* "The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences by Janet Ross." (Author of "Three Generations of English Women," to which "The Fourth Generation" is the sequel.) 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Janet Ross. *By Lord Leighton.*
From "The Fourth Generation," by Janet Ross (*Constable*).

Guizot, Mark Twain, Carlyle, John Addington Symonds—in a word, everybody of note in the Victorian era. In England, in Egypt, in Italy, she met all the people who were doing great things; all the people who were worth knowing, in the worlds of politics, of affairs, of letters, and of art; and she made them her friends (one dare hazard the compliment) by the charm and gaiety which still live here, in the record she has written at the hour of eventide.

To review "The Fourth Generation" is to review a lifetime—and that is impossible within reasonable limits. One can but say, by way of direction to readers avid of human talk, "Here is much pleasant matter! Read, and be refreshed!" And if that be not sufficient recommendation, one can but pick certain plums and offer them as samples of this delightful garden's fruit.

Who has not read "Evan Harrington?" Well—

> "'Evan Harrington' (which was first called 'He Would be a Gentleman') was *my* novel, because Rose Jocelyn was myself. (Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn were my father and mother, and Miss Current was Miss Louisa Courtenay, a very old friend of my parents, who often stayed with us at Esher). With the magnificent impertinence of sixteen I would interrupt Meredith, exclaiming: 'No, I should never have said it like that,' or 'I should not have done so.' A young Irish retriever, Peter, which I was breaking in and afterwards gave to little Arthur [Meredith's son], was immortalised in the pages of the novel at my request."

And that wonderful fairy-tale in "The Shaving of Shagpat:"

> "He [Meredith] was at our house one day when M. de Haxthausen came, who impressed me deeply. Not because he was an interesting man who knew more about Russia and the East than most people, but because he had fought with the Queen of the Serpents, whose crown he wore in a little red silk bag that hung round his neck from a gold chain. With flashing eyes and vehement gestures he described how he fought with the Queen. . . . By dint of much persuasion M. de Haxthausen was induced to show his treasure, which was inside a small gold box in the red silk bag. It looked like a miniature crown fashioned out of dark amber, and a doctor who was present said, after careful examination, that it undoubtedly was a bony excrescence from a reptile, and probably from the head. . . . Meredith never took his eyes off M. de Haxthausen while he told his weird tale, and when next he brought me home he told me a marvellous story about the Queen of the Serpents, which he afterwards developed into Bhanavar the Beautiful."

To Mrs. Ross, as a young girl, Carlyle did not appear in a quite favourable light, for one day as they were riding in Rotten Row, "his wideawake blew off; a civil workingman picked it up and ran after us. Instead of giving him sixpence, or even twopence, Carlyle said: 'Thank ye, my man; ye can just say ye've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle.'" One imagines that the meanness was forgiven, but that the vanity is not yet pardoned. Nor is Tennyson's rudeness yet forgotten: "Janet, tie my shoe," he told her imperiously, and was reproved with "Tie your own shoe; Papa says men should wait on women, not women on men." Yet, woman-like, she did stoop and tie the muddy lace! The Poet did not appreciate the blunt reproof, for he afterwards told Sir Alexander Grant Duff that his daughter was a clever girl, but extremely badly brought up!

Mrs. Ross "got on" better with de Lesseps, with whom she visited the works of the Suez Canal. She notes the great engineer's marvellous faculty of sleeping at will. "*Mon enfant, je vais dormir pendant dix minutes*," and for ten minutes he would sleep, snoring loudly, to awake a giant refreshed. She rode races with Arab sheiks, she fraternised with fellaheen, she penetrated into harems, she plucked the heart out of Egypt as much as any Westerner may, and—crowning glory!—she acted as *Times* correspondent. And then, Italy claimed her; and all who know anything of the literature on Italy that has appeared during the past twenty years know the honourable part she has played in familiarising home-dwellers with the glories of that debatable land.

Excellent in all its parts, "The Fourth Generation" is excellent as a whole. Coming from a quill that has been running for nigh on sixty years, it has as much brightness and gaiety, vividness and vivacity as one might demand from the freeliest flowing fountain-pen, fresh from the maker.

W. A. MACKENZIE.

WELSH POETRY.*

To English readers, at least to the generality, Welsh literature is rather an unknown quantity. Most of us know something of the "Mabinogion" in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation, but our knowledge of Welsh poetry is derived from such casual sources as Borrow's "Wild Wales" and Peacock's "Misfortunes of Elphin." The names of Aneurin, Taliessyn, Dafydd ab Gwilym, Ceiriog, Huw Morus, Pantycelyn and a few others are familiar; but our acquaintance with their works is of the scantiest. Yet a race so vocal as the Welsh must obviously have a lyric literature; and that there are poets among the Cymri is amply proven by such Welsh writers of English as Vaughan and Herbert. Mr. Graves, himself, a well-known poet, has essayed to remove this deficiency in our education.

Taking his selection as adequate and representative, as it apparently is, we get the impression that there have always been lyric poets of ability and charm among the Welsh, but that they have never produced a writer of transcendant genius. One great difference between them and their Irish kinsmen is observable. In Ireland the Catholic faith succeeded the pagan; saints and fairies took kindly to one another; with the result that we get both mystery and romance in Irish poetry. The Protestantism of the Welsh was less accommodating. After the pagan era, paganism disappears from their verse, and there is little of mysticism in Nonconformist hymnology.

The predominant characteristic of this poetry is its feeling for nature. Dafydd ab Gwilym, the famous fourteenth century poet, has been compared with Tennyson in this

* "Welsh Poetry, Old and New, in English Verse." By Alfred Perceval Graves. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

respect, and that the comparison is justified the lines entitled " My Burial " show :

" When I die, oh, bury me
Within the free young wild wood;
Little birches, o'er me bent,
Lamenting as my child would!
Let my surplice-shroud be spun
Of sparkling summer clover;
While the great and stately trees
Their rich rood-screen hang over!
For my bier-cloth blossomed may
Outlay on eight green willows!
Sea gulls white to bear my pall
Take flight from all the billows.
Summer's cloister be my church
Of soft leaf-searching whispers,
From whose mossed bench the nightingale
To all the vale chants vespers!
Mellow toned, the brake amid,
My organ hid be cuckoo!
Paters, seemly hours and psalm
Bird voices calm re-echo!
Mystic masses, sweet addresses,
Blackbird, be thou offering;
Till God his bard to Paradise
Uplift from sighs and suffering. "

A close examination of these lines will suggest the difficulties with which Mr. Graves had to contend. Not only does Welsh poetry depend largely on alliteration for its effect, but it is as full of internal and double rhymes as Provençal. To reproduce its elaborate structure faithfully in English would be impossible, but Mr. Graves by a moderate and judicious use of these peculiarities has contrived to convey a very fair idea of the effect of the original. His book contains a study of metrical forms as well as some biographical notes and a very interesting introduction. No one, therefore, who desires some knowledge of Welsh literature, could do better than consult this volume.

Those who regard literature less for its own sake than as a symptom of national health, will naturally turn to the section concerned with contemporary writers. It is by no means the least interesting section. Here, the chief note is patriotism, and there must be plenty of life in a country which has such poets as Elvet Lewis and John Morris Jones to sing its praises. Of the latter, we quote the following lines, both for their own sake and as a good example of the translator's skill :

" With such delight my garden gleams
As only haunt a poet's dreams;
Not Eden's bowers could bosom
Such blossom, such sunny beams.

" There lilies, each a lance of light,
Guard my roses blush and white;
And strawberries in rich order
Round its border invite.

" Two wells it hath of halcyon hue,
Whose lovely glances look me through,
And set my spirit upwinging
And singing in the blue.

" Believest thou I cannot show
This garden that I treasure so?
Then gaze into thy mirror;
Am I in error or no? "

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE ANGLO-INDIANS.*

Nowadays, when so many women writers strangely keep to the points of view that the masculine genius has fixed over the field of literature, it is refreshing to come across an entirely feminine way of looking at life. Mrs. Perrin is delightfully and refreshingly feminine in her outlook. It is her especial charm. In her tales of modern India she opens up vistas unrevealed by the women novelists who follow rather too faithfully down the road through the jungle that Mr. Rudyard Kipling made for his own purpose. It is like hearing, after the Anglo-Indians have chatted over their adventures, the quiet, intimate, searching views of the cleverest of their wives. All that the men have done and are doing is thrown into a new perspective. They lose somewhat as individuals, but in return the real fabric of Anglo-Indian society—the home life of the race that governs a tropical continent it cannot colonise or permanently settle in—is shown in a clear and memorable manner.

A simple and pleasant love story constitutes the action of Mrs. Perrin's novel of " The Anglo-Indians." But the heroine is drawn in so lifelike and intimate a way that we followed the incidents of her courtship and marriage with a lively personal interest. Indeed, we did what readers of many novels now written by women are never given a chance of doing—we fell in love with her. Just a sweet, Miranda-like incarnation of girlish charm, touched with the romance of her exotic surroundings, she brings a note of poetry into a soberly vivid study of the homely side of Anglo-Indian society.

For Mrs. Perrin is a writer who keeps very close to the ordinary facts of life. Her novel turns on a matter of housekeeping. Fleetwood, the heroine's father, is an Anglo-Indian official of high rank able, hard-working, and delighting in the power he uses so well. He lives in a large, open-handed way, spending all his salary on a fine establishment, encouraged by his wife, who is also fond of entertaining. Of course, they have to keep house in a rather lordly way, for their position is lordly. But the same Oriental passion for display, that leads the poor Hindu native to mortgage his property in order to give a princely wedding feast, is working in the Anglo-Indians. So, when Fleetwood is pensioned off to England with no savings to buy a little country estate, the change from his noble way of life to a humble, little suburban villa " in the land of the semi-detached " is abrupt and tragical. In fact, Fleetwood pines and dies very quietly, like a discrowned, brooding and heart-broken king. And his daughter, who once moved like a fairy princess through the bright, thronged and spacious dominion over which her father ruled, enters a London typewriting office, trying to dull by work the remembrance of happy, far-off things.

It appears a simple, everyday theme, and Mrs. Perrin treats it simply, quietly and naturally. Yet so true and vivid is her way of portraying her characters, that the story is uncommonly striking and dramatic. And its interest is heightened by some brilliant passages of description, and some fine studies of native life and customs.

* The Anglo-Indians. By Alice Perrin. 6s. (Methuen & Co.)

NAPOLEON III.*

The principal contention of Baron d'Ambès is that Napoleon III. was the son, not of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, King and Queen of Holland, but of Hortense and Napoleon I. This is a rather dreadful hypothesis, and after going over all the Baron's evidence the reader will find that it is based upon nothing but gossip, scandal and the merest surmise. He adduces absolutely nothing of any weight till he has almost completed his case; then he says, in conclusion :

" I have read in the pages of *La France Impériale* in 1873 or 1874 the following letter which M. Sorlin stated he had copied from the Vatican Archives. It belongs to the epoch of the Italian insurrection, in which Hortense's two sons took part, and in which the elder met with his death."

This is the letter :

" HOLY FATHER,—My soul is overborne with grief, and I burned with indignation when I heard of the criminal attempt made by my son against your Holiness's authority. . . . The unhappy boy is dead; God have pity on him! . . . *As for the other, who usurps my name*, you are aware, Holy Father, that *he, God be thanked, is nothing to me*. I have the misfortune to have as wife a Messalina who, etc. . . ."

Are we permitted to question the genuineness of this document? Does the Baron quote it from memory? He does not even clearly remember the year in which he

* " Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.: Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor." By the late Baron d'Ambès. Edited and translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. Illustrated. Two Vols. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

read it. Who is the M. Sorlin who is simply reported as having stated that he copied it from the Vatican archives? A letter of this nature should have been printed in facsimile, and vouched for in writing by a representative of the Pope. But were its authenticity positively established, this piece of evidence would bring us no nearer to the complicity of Napoleon in the affair. The Baron's whole contention, so far as the Emperor is concerned, rests as we have said entirely upon surmise. It contains nothing whatever of positive testimony. The case against Napoleon, therefore, fails through lack of all true evidence. It is always a pleasure to commend a translation by Mr. A. R. Allinson. He is one of our best French scholars, and perfectly at home in the idiom of his own language. He makes an English rendering read like an English book.

FLEEMING JENKIN.*

The "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," just published by Messrs. Longmans for the first time in separate form, is a book which, work of piety though it may be, testifying eloquently to the enduring influence which the Professor exercised over one of the most distinguished of his pupils, can scarcely be described as a literary achievement which adds anything considerable to the reputation of Robert Louis Stevenson. Written with all its author's consummate charm of style, it sets forth its subject with that blend of charity, honesty and humour which, as readers of Stevenson's "Letters" know, is to be found in all Robert Louis's judgments of character. Moreover the essential fair-mindedness of the biographer is revealed by a characteristic peculiarly un-Scottish, in a gallant yet patient exploration of character and of motive, done as it were *currente calamo*, before the reader's eyes. And yet the construction of the book is so naively faulty and unworkmanlike that one puts it down in dismay, surprised that a finished craftsman, writing the memoir of another craftsman equally scrupulous, should have succeeded in producing a work so invertebrate, so clumsily put together. More than a quarter of the volume is devoted to extracts from a series of letters which Jenkin sent to his wife between 1858 and 1873, when he was engaged on the business of helping to lay submarine electric cables, letters which in the main are quite uninteresting save to those who happen to have a technical knowledge of the subject dealt with. These letters constitute Chapter V., Chapter VI.—necessarily the most interesting portion of the memoir—is given up to Stevenson's account of his own personal knowledge and estimate of Jenkin the man. While of the sixteen pages in which the last ten years of Jenkin's life are dismissed the greater portion of the space is allotted to an account of the fatal illnesses and deaths of various members of the engineer's family. We wonder what Fleeming Jenkin would have said of his biographer's notion of biography! "Whatever a man can do or know," says Stevenson of his friend and tutor, "Fleeming longed to know and do also. . . . Nor was his the case of the mere literary smatterer, content if he but learn the names of things. In him, to do and to do well was even a dearer ambition than to know. Anything done well, any craft, dispatch, or finish, delighted and inspired him. . . . A nail ill-driven, a joint ill-fitted, a tracing clumsily done, anything to which a man had set his hand and not set it aptly, moved him to shame and anger." A man of myriad interests, fiercely energetic, ardently enthusiastic, disputatious to the point of acrimony, abounding, that is to say, over much in himself, though giving and taking blows manfully, tactless, highly serious, yet gifted with a certain sense of humour, a sense so Puritanical that it could not abide Voltaire and would most assuredly have spued out Anatole France, Fleeming Jenkin on his social side stands very fully revealed in the pages of the memoir, a likeable enough person when once you get to know him, though scarcely a clubbable man or a man of the world. Which makes it all the more regrettable that Stevenson, having made such a brilliant sketch of the lineaments of Jenkin's character, should have scamped so inexcusably the narration of the events and energies of his life, or should not have moulded the whole memoir in the form of one of the "Familiar Studies."

* "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin." By R. L. Stevenson. (Longmans.)

Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., LL.D.
(From a photo kindly lent by Mrs. Dew Smith.
From "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," by R. L. Stevenson (Longmans.)

THE DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XV.*

Out of an important subject M. Casimir Stryiénski has made a competent and readable book, which Mr. Metcalfe has well translated. How many English readers at this day are interested in Mesdames de France, the daughters of that sovereign who is chiefly remembered as the sultan of the Parc aux Cerfs? The ladies are principally known to us by Carlyle's versions of the nicknames bestowed on them—whether contemptuously or affectionately—by their father: "Rag," Pig," "Snip," "Dud," etc. "Since the year 1875," remarks the author in his preface, "no comprehensive work has been published dealing with the daughters of Louis XV."—from which one might surmise that, even in France, their memory has passed into oblivion. M. Stryiénski, however, has very diligently striven to revive it, and he really succeeds in a very passable degree. There were six of these daughters of Louis XV. and Marie Leszczynska. The eldest, Louise-Elizabeth, who left Versailles at the age of twelve, and became Duchess of Parma, was scarcely known to her French contemporaries. We take it from M. Stryiénski that she was the most intellectual of the family. Mme. Henriette died at twenty-five, "the incarnation of gentleness and self-sacrifice." Mme. Adelaide was celebrated for her pugnacious attitude towards Marie Antoinette in the days when the young Dauphine had a rather hard time of it to keep her footing at Court. There would be little of a kindly sort to say about Mme. Adelaide did one not remember the troublous closing years of her exile at Trieste. Mme. Victoire, whose fate was the same, cultivated friendship and gastronomy with equal

* "The Daughters of Louis XV." Translated from the French of Casimir Stryiénski by Cranstoun Metcalfe. Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

By Pierre Gobert.

Madame Louise Elizabeth and Madame Henriette.

From "The Daughters of Louis XV." (Chapman & Hall.)

ardour; M. Stryiénski insists that she ought not to be remembered solely for her prowess as a trencher-woman. To Mme. Sophie it is manifestly impossible to pay decent tribute. "Insignificant she was born, and insignificant she remains to her dying day." Mme. Louise, the youngest of these Princesses, settled down as a nun at Saint-Denis. Carmelite hagiographers have devoted a whole literature to her memory, but their point of view is not precisely M. Casimir Stryiénski's.

THINGS IN GENERAL.*

Between them our three essayists discourse on a vast number of topics, new and old, and do it gracefully, and without tinge of bitterness.

What is so pleasant about Mr. Holbrook Jackson's work is its genial and illuminated commonsense. No bewildering paradox comes banging at the readers' intelligence when Mr. Jackson is holding forth on men and books. No pulpit style is affected, and there is no journalistic solemnity to make us ask, "Who the dickens, then, is this fellow that he should teach mankind its business?" Mr. Jackson doesn't mind in the least risking a truism, or even a platitude if nothing else is handy. (Not that his writing is slipshod or his mind stagnant. The writing is singularly clear and straightforward, and the intellect plays freely). But the really remarkable thing is that he discourses quite boldly and cheerfully on such folk as Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Richard Jefferies, William Morris, and George Meredith, and finds something fresh to say about them! And does it without any apparent effort! No doubt after reading Mr. Holbrook Jackson's essays what he says seems simple and obvious enough, and we wonder why it was not said before. But there it is, somehow it had not been said for all its obviousness. Leaving these particular folk, and John M. Synge, Max Beerbohm, Edgar Allan Poe, Edward Carpenter, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, and H. M. Hyndman, who go to make up the rest of Mr. Jackson's company of choice spirits, we are beguiled by talk about personality, and vagabonds, and the consideration of the self-sufficient. Our attention is called to the "exalted futility" of Edward Lear's nonsense poems, and we are bidden to stand and look at Whistler's "Arrangement in Grey and Black," and see in it "the epic portrait of a mother," and "the twilight of motherhood, with all its tragic sense of lonely accomplishment." Then we dive into Brownlow Street, off Holborn, and find the rare and notable Martin Brothers, and loiter in admiration of their pottery, and their joy in craftsmanship. Finally "Superman" comes in, and we are told something (and told quite sanely and wisely) of the Nietzschean ideal. Surely Mr. Holbrook Jackson has given us good measure, and enough matter for many a long summer day or winter night. To add to the value of the book there are portraits of Whistler, Synge, and Walt Whitman, by Mr. Joseph Simpson, R.B.A., Mr. J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., and Mr. Gordon Craig respectively; a caricature of Max Beerbohm, by Mr. Lovat Fraser, and a study for a Russian Dancer, by Mr. Jo Davidson.

We pass from the light-hearted ease of Mr. Jackson's manner, to a weightier style. For Mr. Francis Stopford writes with becoming gravity on "Life's Great Adventure," and now judicially and now pontifically has much to say on matters of importance. And he says it very well, too:

> "Add five to the Psalmist's allotted span of life, divide the three score and fifteen into three periods of five and twenty years, and, broadly speaking, for the first period a man should live for himself and through himself; for the second, he must live partly through himself and partly through others; and for the last period he will live through others."

Thus Mr. Stopford. It isn't however, quite such an uncomplicated affair as all that, as Mr. Stopford goes on to explain. But he is loyal to the spirit of rebellion, finding in it, unexpectedly doubtless to many persons, a great mainstay of the British Empire:

> "Every honest man is, and always has been, at heart a rebel. Though each generation does its best to crush this spirit out of youth, it is as well for the British Empire that success so far has been very partial. Rebellion has conquered the earth, enriched history with romance, given a stern pathos to many a landscape, and is daily painting in vivid colours human lives that would otherwise be of a grey sameness."

To this exhilarating doctrine Mr. Stopford himself, ventriloquist that he is, makes answer through the mouth of his lay figure, Epicurus:

> "You may laud rebellion as you will, and depict its romance in the brightest colours, but the lamentable truth will not be hid that man has a genius for slavery. Strike off one set of fetters, and of his own accord he rivets on others. He delights in manacles, and glories if his own particular irons be of a newer pattern than his neighbours or give forth when shaken a clink in a different key. Slaves! We have always been slaves."

So the argument goes on, other topics—including death, gold, and the Thames—are treated with due seriousness, and often with real literary charm.

If Sir Francis Swettenham does not give us so much philosophy he makes up for it by tales of far off life in Mauritius and Réunion, and in the Malay States. In a particularly interesting chapter on "Disbelief in the Unseen" there is an account from an Indian newspaper of the performances of a native juggler — an amazing exhibition, which included "the rope trick," and other horrors. Sir Francis tells us frankly that he has never seen this trick done "and never seen anyone else who had seen it," but still people go on asking about it, and so here it is all written down in black and white. "It is difficult to see what more the most sceptical can want, unless it were the name of the place where the deed was done." Sir Francis flavours his sketches with many reflections on life, and one of his "pieces of wisdom," may well be quoted:

> "If you ever think of saying something, but before doing so ask yourself whether you should say it or not, never say it. If, however, your doubt is whether or not you should do something, always do it."

Occasionally the vintage is a little thin, but there is plenty of good stuff all the same in this eminently readable book.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

* "All Manner of Folk: Interpretations and Studies." By Holbrook Jackson. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)
"Life's Great Adventure." By Francis Stopford. 5s. net. Duckworth.)
"Also and Perhaps." By Sir Francis Swettenham. 6s. (John Lane.)

BETWEEN TWO EXTREMES.*

"Between Two Thieves" is a book of wide horizons, of a wide outlook on history, and life and nations. The wars of the nineteenth century pass before our eyes; the habits of thought of Frenchmen are painted cleverly, knowingly, boldly, on a broad canvas; the early Victorian age in England is reproduced with much insight. A far-reaching acquaintance with the more picturesque sides of existence makes rich the colour of the prose; such expressions as "quench one's thirst at such bitter desert wells" are common. The author intensely appreciates nobility of character, saintliness of character, and carries the reader with her; the opening scene in particular is almost like a page from the "Dream of Gerontius."

And yet we question if "Richard Dehan"—if we must keep to the pseudonym—has kept up to the high level of the "Dop Doctor." She is too discursive, partly it may be from a real desire to right the wrongs of soldiers—in fact, there is no doubt as to the genuine ring of her pleading—partly, as it seems to us, from imitation, conscious or unconscious, of Victor Hugo's great epic novels. Occasionally we are reminded, by the long disquisitions on different topics put into the mouths of long-suffering characters and their still longer-suffering auditors, that tremendous encyclopediæ novel "Cyril." And sometimes long narratives pour out of the mouths of schoolboys—French schoolboys, we admit—which would do credit to a Wagnerian opera.

Occasionally characters and situations remind us uncomfortably of great authors. We seem to hear echoes of the high-souled Marius's defiance of his dissipated grandfather in Victor Hugo's masterpiece. Thompson Jowitt, the iniquitous army contractor, with his bloated face and heavy tread, is Dickensian in life and death; especially in death. In one chapter Mrs. Weller and Stiggins revisit our memory; in another Moggy Geogehagan, the corporal's wife, recalls a very similar and equally delightful person who enlivens the Waterloo chapters of "Vanity Fair." In one important instance the appeal of our author to the past is unmistakably intentional; Ada Merling, with her home for governesses and her visits to the Institutions of Lutheran Deaconesses and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, is a fairly close copy of Florence Nightingale. Observe the names. This is bad technique. The heroine inevitably loses much of her personality in the shade of her great exemplar. To do the author justice, she exhibits in one place a thorough knowledge of technique—when the sordid blusterings of the contractor who grabs at gold, no matter how got, are followed by the lofty and impassioned appeal of the young officer refusing to touch tainted gold even when it might relieve the necessities of a dear friend.

There is here and there a regrettable coarse touch, strikingly at variance with the exquisite beginning and end—the pure and sublime description of the old age and hate of the hero. The author's views on middle-aged love, her want of reticence in dealing with Josh's love affairs, and much of the Henriette episode, are only too redolent of the French stage.

W. A. F.

A NEW MORRIS.†

Mr. Drinkwater is a poet; and in this book he has created a new heavenly Morris and a new *Earthly Paradise* for the healthy discomfiture of commoner minds. Briefly, his conception of Morris—much the clearest-cut and most commanding yet presented—may be said to run like this: The "poetic upholsterer" was one of those lonely geniuses (Mr. Drinkwater ranks him equal with Æschylus, Michael Angelo, Milton and Dante) who are born with a piercing knowledge of the essentials of life and with the power of seeing this enduring framework, unerringly, beneath the veils and litter of temporary affairs. All his poetry is a record of this vision, a "continuous manifestation of his reading of life," marked by a constantly increasing clarity and precision. All his parallel activities, his dyeing, his weaving, his craftsmanship generally, are so many marginal illustrations, the rule-of-thumb calculations he made, as he went on, in order to check and corroborate his vision and prove its practical validity. "His work was to show his age its errors on the one hand and on the other to announce its possibilities." "His message is one of the profoundest and most inspiriting that it has been given to man to deliver. . . . None has ever announced so clearly the hope of life here upon earth" and none more clearly proved, "in the work of his own life," that "it was realisable on earth without any revolutionary excesses." The first statement of this vision is *The Defence of Guenevere*. If it differ from the statements which were to follow, it is mainly because of a slight vagueness and hesitancy, "an indistinctness of outline": otherwise its people are real people, its world is our own, it is a picture of the same impregnable framework of irreducible realities. In *The Life and Death of Jason* this first vagueness is overcome, the statement has "an increased poignancy" and "intensity of perception,"—"the shadows of *Guenevere* have become vibrant men and women." In *The Earthly Paradise* and *Sigurd* (one of "the masterpieces of which countless millions of men have created but a score or so between them") the record is set down yet more ringingly. The prose romances which followed are the saunterings he could permit his pen once he had got this world well and truly laid, with all its landscapes tested and explored. And, lastly, that ultimate outburst of socialism which seemed so strange to his friends was the perfectly logical conclusion, a last demonstration—simply an attempt to brush back the debris that concealed them and show us those very landscapes and that comely life actually innate all about us, merely waiting to be loved and lived.

That, I think, is as fair as such a summary can hope to be—and here, it is plain, we have at any rate a picture that is both royal and well-reasoned, that moves and mounts up, with a splendid cumulation, setting the onlooker desirably aglow. So fine is it indeed, and so fastidious, so salutary are its enthusiasms, and so warily have all its details been adjusted, that one feels a very real disinclination to tamper with it in any way at all. Never did we stand in such need as we do now of a really bold and wise defence of Morris. The limp ecstasies of some of his followers have been a little too much for us, have put us all vaguely out of temper with his name; and we need, above everything, someone to challenge and smash, once for all, the superstition that still represents him as a kind of soulful paper-hanger, a decorative dreamer of dreams. And Mr. Drinkwater is finely bent on doing just that: his insistence upon his man's immense muscularity, upon the hammering energy of "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," for instance, and the tremendous surge and crash of *Sigurd*, are noble battle-cries in an excellent good cause. But—there are dangers. Kindled by this new conception, readers may fling themselves upon their *Jason*, eager to enjoy the poignancy and "breathless swiftness" for which Mr. Drinkwater repeatedly praises it. And of course they will search for them in vain. They will try to find evidence of that "profoundest insight into the essential nature of humanity" and that "depth of understanding of the individual" which Mr. Drinkwater declares would have placed Morris among "the best of Fielding's successors" had he only cared to become a novelist; and of course they will be foiled again. They will strive to agree that "no poet ever had a more infallible instinct as to what was and what was not of the nature of poetry," and once more they will give up in despair. And their revulsion may be terrible to see.

So that perhaps it may not be such a bad thing, after all, to point out that although the new formula is a fine one it is not yet the quite perfect fit, and to suggest how it might be adapted before being put into use. The real root of the trouble, I feel, is simply the fact that Mr. Drinkwater approaches his subject as a writer of poetry rather

* "Between Two Thieves." By Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

† "William Morris: A Critical Study." By John Drinkwater. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

than a reader. I know of course that "it is dangerous to differ in religion from the saints, in poetry from the poets"—but only when they let their revelations fall with a divine abandon. Mr. Drinkwater comes to Morris weighted with a larger loyalty. He is briefed for a new Defence of Poesie, and he makes Morris his chief witness against her old accusers. He knows that a great poet is the most practical of all men, his songs far stricter than any prose, and in the work of the man whom he calls "one of the greatest poets of any age" his mind is therefore dedicated in advance to discover a rigorously advancing purpose and the great sweep of an implacable design. He will find wisdom everywhere, and the marks of deliberate policy. The absence of high speculation is due to "a steady elimination of all that might confuse his presentation." The monotony of the metre is a sacrifice consciously made "in order to emphasise his singleness of aim." If *Jason* lacks jewelled lines it is because such trappings would have impeded "its swift movement"; and any complaints that it is languid are only confessions of our inability "to keep pace with its glorious and inexhaustible" zest. And finally, above all—pledged to prove that the books run successively, each a sequel sustaining and surpassing the last—he is bound to maintain that *Guenevere* is vaguer than *Jason*, that *Jason* is more piercing and intense, with passages of "unutterable poignancy and an intensity at once fierce and restrained."

Whereas the cold bare fact, as every reader knows too well, is almost exactly the reverse. Morris's books do not display a steady advance of power. On the contrary their scheme includes one of the most amazing right-angles in literature. *Guevenere* is one of the vividest books in the language: its details stand out with the uncanny emphasis of fever: "intricate and delirious as scarlet lilies" was Pater's phrase for it. *Jason*, on the other hand, is as mild as a summer afternoon. It is just a delicious drowse of a book. It is probably the longest lullaby ever written. *Guenevere* shrills and pierces like this:

> "Her voice was low at first, being full of tears,
> But as it cleared it grew full, loud and shrill,
> Growing a windy shriek in all men's ears,
>
> "A ringing in their startled brains until
> She said that Gauwaine lied, then her voice sunk,
> And her great eyes began again to fill . . ."

with a merciless minuteness that stings the sight, drastic as a Beardsley grotesque. *Jason*, at a moment of crisis, in a passage chosen by Mr. Drinkwater himself, jogs along gently thus:

> "Moreover, when with toil and pain at last
> Unto the torrent's head they now had passed,
> They sent forth swift Aetalides to see
> What farther up the river there might be.
> Who, going twenty leagues, another fall
> Found with great cliffs on each side like a wall;
> But 'twixt the two, another unbarred stream
> Joined the main river; therefore did they deem,
> When this they heard, that they perforce must try
> This smoother branch; so somewhat heavily
> Argo they launched again, and got them forth
> Still onward toward the winter and the north."

They are as different as moonlight and daylight. It is a change of kind, not of degree. It is the most dramatic alteration in modern letters. One may enjoy *Jason* immensely—for its tempered daylight, for its placid flow of figures, the easeful lapping of its verse. But never for its "breathless speed." Beside the books that followed it, *Guenevere* is a sudden orchid in a garden of roses. It differs from the work which it precedes almost exactly as the piercing pictures of young Millais differed from the flattened stuff he gave us afterwards.

But though it looks so queer and disquieting at first, this recoil or transformation, if you examine it without prejudice, reveals a thoroughly human and not unexhilarating cause. When Morris wrote the first book his nerves were all on edge. He was young, he was in love, he was distracted by questions of duty: he had given up the Church to become an architect; had given up architecture to become a painter; suspected himself of a dark instability; was suffering superbly, in short, from the divine malady of youth; and the poetry he crushed out at this heat, writing always at close range, screwed up to top pitch, set as solid as jewels on the paper, like bits of enamel, and with enamel's fierce brilliance of colour. But when he wrote *Jason* (nine years later) all this tension had died down. His horizon had expanded, he was basking in the sun. He had married, become a tax-payer, settled down to his life-work and acquired a comfortable creed; he had built himself "the most beautiful house in England" plump in the middle of an orchard, and he was filling it with laughter and comeliness. (You can prove the practicability of a good many theories on a private income of £900 a year.) He revelled and dyed and hammered and fished and worked looms and ran "the Firm" quite regardless; he laughed and grew plump. The energy that had been compressed into spurting poems before now spread abroad in a tide, and the very lassitude of *Jason*, its lowered pulse and alleged limpness, are thus really the direct result of his own lustiness. He loved the open air and the solid satisfactions of life too much to allow himself to be racked by inky problems. Sitting in the midst of his guests he would write away happily, hundreds of lines at a stretch, filling in the odds and ends of the day, when nothing sturdier was doing. He never revised, he dropped his pen, often as not, in the middle of a line: like Scott (whom he probably resembled a good deal more closely than Æschylus) he "didn't care a curse for what he wrote." Mr. Drinkwater deals very sternly with certain abandoned creatures who have ventured to repeat the legend that Morris once denounced poetry as "mostly tommy-rot you know" But it has to be admitted that the tale was true and that it does supply us with a touch of character. Morris reverenced poetry of course, and loved it immensely; but he regarded its production as a splendid game—and he did not propose to take his pleasures gloomily. It is to be feared that the suggestion that he was performing a solemn social duty might have had discreditable consequences. He had the temper of a stormy child.

And that brings us to the other point, to the question of his "profound insight into the essential nature of humanity." Mr. Drinkwater surely forgot, when he spoke about him following Fielding, that Morris once did attempt a novel, and that the result was pretty much what might have been foreseen: "merely landscape and sentiment" was the opinion passed upon it by an excellent judge—Morris himself. For, actually, all theory apart, Morris's mind on these matters was always as simple as a child's: he was no psychologist, he was no philosopher, he was no profound remedial thinker—and the formula that best fits him, perhaps, is that of a gigantic child, a glorious infant, sitting on the nursery floor of the world, making wonderful designs with bright toys, with Kelmscotts and missals and coloured windows—and then suddenly storming at the keepers of the nursery because all the other children hadn't toys too; and his conception of life, at any rate, of its possibilities and needs and perfections, was certainly derived (and this is crucial) not from any study or knowledge of life in the rough, but out of other men's art. Walled about by his father's fortune, shut up with romances and missals and old tales, the mental kingdom he constructed in his exuberantly avid youth was a mosaic of scenes from Malory and faces from Memlinc and landscapes from Coleridge and Keats. This is not to deny its feasibility: made out of accumulated images, the massed essence of the visions of the world's dreamers, this view of life may very well correspond to some deep permanent ideal of the race. But it was not a personal vision, it was not the work of a seer, it was tested by no intimate knowledge or understanding of human nature: and Morris's ability to make his own life a copy of it is no test of its mortal efficacy. (Remember his nine hundred a year.) But as a living copy of old pictures, as a realisation of romance, as a projection of the colours of poetry upon the outer fabric of life if not as a revelation of its underlying framework, what a royal and majestic life that was! The sunlight that poured into Morris's life always passed first through the stained windows of

eternal art, not his own; but it turned all that it touched into a pageant, a blithe furnace of colours and great gestures, a shining spectacle that exalts the heart like a play. If Morris had made *Jason* really poignant and impassioned, that spectacle would have been weaker and paler. Is his choice to be regretted? Who shall say? Only, let us realise that he made it; that he made Poetry serve him instead of serving Poetry; for it is only when we do realise it that we can use with richest meaning the excellent words with which Mr. Drinkwater ends. "*He added generously to the joy that we have in praising great men.*"

DIXON SCOTT.

SIMPLE SEVENTEEN.*

It is sweet in girls, simple in boys, this age at which keen hopes and sensibilities have a charming humour for some elders; and, seeing that girls are then the wiser sex admittedly, I can imagine a delightful book like that of Mr. Phillpotts giving the same kind of ingenuous picture of a girl rather younger than Corkey major. It should be written by some such woman as the Aunt Augusta of this autobiography, who has found that "life from the angle of seventeen is so dreadfully funny seen from the angle of thirty-eight." The author must be able to laugh at herself kindly.

But this is such a wise and happy study of boyhood learning values so free of any self-consciousness, but expressing itself with candour so perfectly sincere, that one despairs of seeing the match of it either to-morrow or the day after. I am glad of the opportunity to say how much I admire it for my own part. Consider the snares about an author's feet when he sets out to gather and make up such a nosegay of humour for the market. There is the temptation to be, above all things, funny—the lure of farce. Funny books about boys are popular; and why should not seventeen be as funny as eight, or ten, or twelve? A little invention would make it so and please everybody. If that temptation be resisted, there is the subtle difficulty of making the boy's confession humorous unconsciously—keeping it entirely free of evident introspection—quite naïve. I do not know a more difficult art. He is to tell much more of the world than he seems to know of it; the world is to be seen as it is through his unpractised eyes; and the way he looks at it must show his character firmly. In this case we see what a boy learned of life, and how he adjusted himself in one year; the wisdom is, of course, the authors' yet it appears to be no more than the boy would have acquired, and might have shown when the year was out; and one knows him about as well as his brick of an aunt must have done. What is the value of such writing? It is that of very acute and true observation at the age treated; clear memories of people, and the just artistry that has supplied incident and expression for those memories. These are rare merits.

Mr. Corkey is a delightful young person, and quite normal—the sort of ardent, bright, good-natured and ambitious youngster who does very well at school, but has no precocious and belittling sense of proportion when he leaves it. For that matter, the Head at Merivale could have taught him none; and I may say, in passing, that the picture of this prosy old schoolmaster is one of the most suggestive things in the book. Mr. Corkey was his best boy; but, after twelve months in which to find his feet, Mr. Corkey's admiration of Dr. Dunston is qualified strangely. He feels "an overpowering wish not to see him again," as too many of us have felt about our school masters. Yet in the world of the Apollo Fire Office, the London Athletic Club, Mr. Montgomery Merridew's dramatic class, and the office of "Thespis," there are few antipathetic figures. It does not bore him. It interests him hugely, and he takes things as he finds them, being himself too full of life to be fretted. No doubt life is more surprising and intractable to such a boy than to some who would never have found favour with the Doctor; but this only means that Mr. Corkey will go further than such others. He is the young hopeful. The book inspires us with a very friendly interest in his fortunes, so that we shall expect to be told whether he went on the stage or took to the pursuit of literature; for it is simply incredible—though it may, alas, be true—that he became a sedate and worldly-wise head clerk in the office of the Apollo Fire Company.

The nice insight of Mr. Phillpotts' work is not more evident in the book's manner than in its many character sketches. They are not drawn sharply, for the boy has no idea that he was born to write, but they are very true and good-humoured. This is always a humane and excellent piece of craftmanship, while lightly purposed.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

* "From the Angle of Seventeen." By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

A CHILD'S VISIONS.*

It is difficult to speak of this book to any who have not seen it without seeming to use the language of exaggeration. Here are some fifty paintings and drawings done by a child who is still under thirteen, and they have rare qualities of mysticism, fancy, imagination, and in many of them there is an easy grace and beauty of execution that in one so young are nothing short of amazing. Most of her pictures handle sacred themes; some may be reminiscent of famous paintings she has seen, but even these have a freshness, a careless, spontaneous, individual touch that make them her own. Glance at "The Taking Down from the Cross." There is an arched border from which a score of lightly, exquisitely sketched cherubs look down, and in the foreground lies the figure of the Christ, with St. Joseph and the three kneeling women grouped about it; the sky and the landscape are touched in with a few delicate strokes that give the effect of distance and atmosphere perfectly. The scheme, the composition are quite masterly; the attitudes are easy and natural; the face of one of the women is curiously beautiful, and the whole thing is done with the most absolute simplicity and economy of line. Note how completely childlike in look and bearing are the children in "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me;" the sweetness of expression, the feminine grace and charm of the Mother in "Holy Childhood" the sense of life and the free, large sweep of the wings in "Angels Adoring the Infant Christ"; the utter abandonment of grief that is expressed in the lonely figure on the steep hillside in "The Remorse of Eve;" the softness and clearness of colour effects and sensitive grace of form in "The First Easter Dawn."

"I have been careful to avoid the word 'genius,' in regard to her work," writes Mr. Lewis Hind, in his Introduction, "but no one can look at the range of illustrations in this book without a feeling of astonishment that they should have been produced by a child. . . . They show no sign of effort, because they were all done in joy without self-consciousness."

As Mr. Hind puts it: "Other children play seriously with dolls: Daphne plays seriously with art. Before she was twelve she had made thousands of drawings. Why so much of her work should deal with sacred themes I cannot explain. That is her secret."

Children are naturally given to dreaming, and delight as keenly in the pleasures of the imagination as in any real toys, but Art has no record of a child of Daphne Allen's years who ever had so fine a gift for realising her dreams with the brush and pencil, and making them and their elusive spiritual significance so beautifully visible.

* A Child's Visions. By Daphne Allen. 6s. net. (George Allen & Co.).

The Virgin and Child, and Angels adoring.
From "A Child's Visions," by Daphne Allen. (Geo. Allen & Co.)

Novel Notes.

"PAN'S GARDEN." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan & Co.).

To Mr. Algernon Blackwood Nature is a very living thing, and "Unanimate Nature" a phrase abhorrent. Every nook of a wood, every stretch of sea-shore or Alpine snow, every playground of the winds, is to him a temple of vital forces, unrecognised by the average plodding human, where mystery is wrought slowly, fatefully, and sometimes horribly. In "Pan's Garden" he describes, with a fine and compelling pen, the strange commerce of Hidden Powers and Man, their blindfolded and not always submissive toy—for what were they but toys, Bittacy when the Trees called him, Errieson when the Sea summoned him, Lady Statham when the Desert lured her, Hibbert when the Snow beckoned him to the peaks?—just as we all are toys of the Hidden Fear when we look behind us on a long empty road, peer into the hedge of a dark lane, or squint below the bed before retiring! Our instinct, last link with primal days, is, with us common folk, nearly always fearful; Mr. Blackwood, with finelier trained perceptions, twists instinct into curiosity, understanding, or welcome comradeship. Medical sciences would give the name of monomaniac to most of the characters in this strange book, and we, living and having to live in a sophisticated world, well away from forest-haunts, lonely heights, and eerie places, must agree with the alienist. But that is no bar to our enjoyment of these remarkable stories considered as mere stories. Some of them are fine literature, as "The Sea-Fit" and "The Glamour of the Snow"; some, moving and poignant things, full of tenderness and unbidden tears, as "Clairvoyance" and "The Attic"; some, sheer poetry, as "The South Wind" and "The Golden Fly." What one may call the cataclysmic story of this arresting sequence of nature-mysteries is "The Destruction of Smith." Smith struck oil; about the well he made a town, to which he gave not only his name but his soul, the affection and devotion of a primitive nature—he lived for Smithville, he was Smithville. After many years he went journeying into the lone lands of the West, and there his town, his creature, came seeking him in its hour of peril; came in whirlwind and lurid cloud, to scream in scarlet flame upon the black disaster of night its bitter need. Smithville was burning. And Smith and Smith's companions saw the leaping horror against the dark, and heard the wild cries of the trapped citizens. Smith, being helpless, died with the dying fires of his town, the creator with his creature. An impossible story, yet so plausibly told, and with such subtle art, that we hold our breath and believe. But, indeed, all of Mr. Blackwood's stories are consummately plausible. He never forces the note; his language is restrained, where it had been so easy to rant; he never forgets the respect due to his art. To sum up in a word, "Pan's Garden" is a remarkable book, alike for its matter and for its almost irreproachable form.

THE DAUGHTER OF BRAMA. By J. A. R. Wylie. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Wylie certainly knows how to tell a good story, and, if only from this point of view, "The Daughter of Brama" is a notable piece of work. The main idea of the plot—that of the gradual vindication of a physically weak and presumably cowardly hero—may not, at first blush, impress the reader by its originality; but the author contrives so many minor entanglements, so much incident of an exciting nature, that one cannot but be impressed by her efforts to please. Yes, Miss Wylie's book has many dramatic moments. We would that the author possessed also the power adequately to realise her characters and her English atmosphere (though when writing of India she is uniformly effective), but with the former indubitably she misses fire, and of the latter—as exemplified by her treatment of a political election—she appears to possess only the most superficial of knowledge. Still, "The Daughter of Brama" is good, readable stuff, and never for a moment is it dull or in any way lacking in interest, while the figure of the heroine is pleasing and pathetic even when it is most incomprehensible.

PRIDE OF WAR. By Gustaf Janson. 6s. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

War stories—for most of us the term conjures up a vision of gallant deeds and noble emotions; and writers in this field of literature have done their best to paint the battle-field as a medium for fine feeling and praiseworthy action. Not so Herr Janson. In this strikingly clever series of stories dealing with the Turko-Italian War in Tripoli he drives home with biting irony the stark inhumanity and brute-beastliness that are the actualities of war. The author conveys in an amazingly vivid manner the sensations physical and mental of the individual soldier on the battle-field, and the whole book mirrors with startling brilliancy the methods and the madness of a shameful war, providing at the same time some very humane and sympathetic studies of Italians and Arabs alike. In the concluding sketch, "A Vision of the Future," Herr Janson outlines the devastating potentiality of the aeroplane in war, and dwells on the pride and satisfaction with which military officials view this new weapon of destruction. "Gentlemen," the general declares to his officers, after a survey of the death-dealing possibilities of a fleet of three hundred aeroplanes, "Gentlemen, I bare my head before the marvellous and unceasing progress of mankind." No one who has read this powerful book can talk lightly of war between civilised nations, or think of it as other than a barbarous monstrosity.

PRINCE AND PRIEST. By Beryl Symons. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

"Ha, ha, for the clash of the weapons, for the clang of the armour, for the thunder of horses' feet, the shout of a

brave man's cry, the whirl of a sword, the rush, the meeting, the shock, the rip of steel six inches deep into a man's throat! oh, to fight and fight and again to fight!" So chants Count Bertrand of Crein, who, doughty knight that he is, has been commissioned by his friend, the lord of Gervaudan, to bring his bride, the fair Lady Rosamunde de Tracey, in safety to Toulouse—a task fraught with grave perils in the troublous France of the thirteenth century. The story is a vivid panorama of brave adventures, of fierce loves and hatreds, of primitive passions and savage times. The author has a gallant vocabulary, a poetic temperament, and a forceful style, well-fitted to her theme, and the book besides containing an excellent story teeming with action presents an illuminating study of the condition of the people of France and of their pastors and masters in those dark days when the monks exploited the superstitions of an ignorant age.

THE STORM-DOG. A ROMANCE OF CORNWALL. By Lilian Arnold. 6s. (John Long.)

In this story Mrs. Arnold presents two heroines, destined to encounter considerably more of the tragic than of the sweeter, and perhaps more normal, things of life. The first of the two, Nancy Denzel, full of glorious youth and loving the scent of the gorse and heather of the moors, allows Parson Rosvean to advance money on Lindel Cottage —the home of the Denzels—to liquidate the debts of her cousin Dick. When Dick presently goes away with his bride, Nancy realises that her heart is gone with the bride's husband. But Rosvean, one of the most repulsive parsons we have met in fiction, wants someone to "re-foot his half-hose," declares to the girl that no one but his wife shall undertake the task, and Nancy, unfortunately, does the "sensible thing," accepts him, and enters on a life of martyrdom. For seven years she endures the "smug respectable nastiness," the "eternal washing-day level" of the parson, and then one day (half way through the story) she resolves with Dick to bring an end to her life of misery and torture. The story is written with ability; it is a drama of real life set in a fitting and interesting environment.

AN ENGLISHMAN. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

It is a commonplace lament of reviewers that in the rush and hurry of modern book-production so many good novels are swept away into the "remainder" market before they have had more than a momentary chance of recognition. Messrs. Mills & Boon have attempted the somewhat daring expedient of re-issuing at the original price, what they consider to be one of these neglected masterpieces. New writers may well consider that they are threatened by still another menace; and from the reader's point of view, we certainly hold that the reprint should be differentiated from the new book in point of price. At the same time we hasten to add that we gratefully acknowledge that we owe to this unusual business expedient our first acquaintance with a very delightful novel. Rather than be a poor relation of a family of high position, Maria Lovell went to Market Grazen as governess to Nancy Rolfe, the sister of the village grocer. But the village grocer was a tremendous fellow, in every sense of the word deserving the proud title of an Englishman. Amid all his petty surroundings he stands out as a man among men, and it is no wonder that Maria's ideas of social values undergo a violent transformation. The end of this story is, naturally, never in doubt, but Miss Pendered varies it and embroiders it with a skill that maintains the interest to the last. She is too good an artist to exaggerate the idyllic side of village life, the pettiness and scandalmongering of which are described with fine observation and humour. This is a novel we can recommend without reservation. It is patriotic; it is more than that, it is full of a genial optimism and humanity.

THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE. By Marcelle Tinayre. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"The typical adventure of Princess and tzigany, of Georges Sand and Pagello!" Thus one of the characters in "The Sweetness of Life" summarises, not inaptly, the story on which Madame Marcelle Tinayre has lavished wealth of psychological detail, and much of that keen sympathy which she possesses in common with most French women writers of to-day. Marie Aubespin is separated from an unfaithful husband, but, being a devout Catholic, puts aside all thought of divorce, and when love passes her way, denies him entrance to her heart. Isabelle van Coppenolle, a fuller-blooded nature, has a husband whom she does not love—and, when Love passes her way, she does not deny him: she takes the "Sweetness of Life" with both hands. Madame Tinayre does not ask which was right, which was wrong; she contents herself with telling the story and, being a writer of subtlety and charm, she tells it with that vigour and art which make even a moderately good French novel so much better than what are so often hailed as *chefs d'œuvre* on this side of the Channel. For all the attractiveness of its title, this story is not an altogether pleasant one; indeed, to the English palate, it is over-flavoured, and the after-taste suggests the bitterness rather than the sweetness of life. It is, however, a volume that ought not to be neglected by students of contemporary French literature.

BROKEN LADDERS. By Andrew Soutar. 6s. (Cassell.)

In "Broken Ladders," Mr. Andrew Soutar tells an unlikely story rather well. His heroine—a deity before whom the rest of the characters pale into comparative insignificance—is the daughter of a great railway magnate. But she has Socialistic leanings. So, when a strike brings the brilliant Malcolm Brasse to the front, Anna finds little difficulty in falling in love with him, and in marrying him against her parents' wishes. It is not twelve months ere she is disillusioned. To tell the truth, Brasse (how could he help it with such a name?) is none too honest. When large sums of money pass through his hands, a considerable percentage of them is in the habit of sticking to his fingers, and with this he speculates and loses. Anna does her best to save him, and even raises £3,000 on the delivery of the manuscript of her first play. But when her husband takes to drink, things rapidly come to a head—which is where we shall leave them. Mr. Soutar tells his story—which has the advantage of being fairly topical—in a capable manner, but it bears upon it several signs of haste. A little revision would have improved it very considerably. Still, even as it stands, it is interesting and thoroughly readable.

KNICKERBOCKER DAYS. By Harris Tweed. 3s. 6d. net. (John Ouseley).

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We do not know any other novel by Mr. Flatau. But this story shows that he is in no sense an amateur, his style is everywhere careful without being laboured and perfectly fits the matter. The excitement of the story and our interest in the characters keeps our attention throughout, though the whole book is pitched on rather too high a note, and the characters though always alive, are somewhat idealised. The story opens in Cairo and gives much of the Eastern glamour. Ariha, the heroine, is an uncared for and cruelly treated child, a Greek boy named Kleon shares her life, and from the beginning is utterly devoted to her; she bullies and makes use of him, but unconsciously values his love. She has a fierce passionate nature, and has never been taught self-restraint, but also an instinctive goodness which makes her see and avoid evil. She soon learns to express herself in dancing, one day by chance she dances before Gaston who recognises at once her supreme genius, and gives up his life to train her for the stage, helped throughout by his friend, Marian, a true and ever-loving woman. The story of her training and her London triumph is the exciting part of the book, but almost at once a lover comes, rich and noble in birth and character, they marry, and she is almost happy in giving up her art and living entirely for him. He demands this sacrifice. Soon, however, he gets killed in an accident; for a time she wanders through the world as one deserted both by love and by art. Half by accident and half by design she goes back to Kleon, her childhood's friend, and at last finds that she really loves him, his long devotion is amply rewarded, and we feel that in this second marriage she will find a more complete fulfilment of her nature.

THE BIG FISH. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Methuen.)

"The Big Fish" is one of those jolly, swinging tales of adventure that Mr. Marriott Watson is wont to spring upon an appreciative world. It is entirely absorbing—the ideal book for a wet summer day. For ourselves, we care little that "it has a certain basis in fact," as the publishers tell us; the important thing is that the Big Fish is treasure—the lost treasure of the Incas of Peru. The hero gets upon its track quite accidentally, lighting upon its secret in one of those harbours of Romance, a London auction room. It introduces him to a gang of ruffians, one of the most desperate that fiction has ever given to the world, we feel sure, as well as to the very attractive lady who afterwards becomes his wife. Boys will revel in "The Big Fish," but it is every whit as suitable for their elders. It is, in a word, really a fine tale—one of the most enjoyable books that even Mr. Marriott Watson has ever written.

THE OAKUM PICKERS. By L. S. Gibson. 6s. (Methuen.)

This book is depressing, more actually gloomy than if it were concerned with terrible tragedy. It has no hero, but tells the story of two women, the incidents of whose lives have added to their natural similarity of character, cemented their friendship, and taken from it any hint of jealousy; this friendship gives them the only gleams of comfort in their monotonous grey lives. The atmosphere is very Mid-Victorian in its unquestioning sentimental acceptation of conventional morality, and its refusal to face facts. But the author (probably "authoress") is honest enough to admit that virtue often meets with no reward. The women show persistent and consistent goodness, but they have not sufficient faith to give a touch of heroism to their conduct. Through no fault of their own, they are both unhappily married, and to neither of them is there any possibility of getting back their domestic happiness. Each of them has given their whole love and soul to a man, who in both cases takes all, and makes no return. One of the men has understanding, and even a possibility of actual nobility, but he is not strong enough to wait patiently; the other is quite worthless, unable even to see goodness in others. One man driven almost to despair, is killed in an accident, and is so saved from any fatally false step; the other after much philandering marries, and we assume, lives in placid content. At the end of the book, the two women have still a large part of their lives before them, and determine to bury the past; their looking back must always be sad, but their consciences are clear, they have done what they could in devoted friendship, and in freedom to lead their own life it may be they will find happiness. The book is well-written, but the author lacks colour and variety in her work.

Photo by Moyse.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

The Bookman's Table.

A LIFE OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. By George Trobridge. 2s. 6d. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

Mr. George Trobridge published in 1907 a little sixpenny volume entitled "Swedenborg: his life, teachings and influence," and this book, he tells us, forms the basis of the new publication. The advent of this greatly enlarged edition is evidence of what Mr. Trobridge believes to be the steadily growing influence of Swedenborg; an influence which is destined to become greater as the years go by, "for mankind is hungering for the truth he offers, and must in the end come to him." So far as the world is concerned, Swedenborg destroyed all hope of universal support and sympathy when he declared himself to be the Divinely chosen herald of a new dispensation, and that, as such, he was not only admitted to the society of angels and spirits, but directly instructed by the Lord in the doctrines of the New Church. Mr. Trobridge vehemently assails the judgment of the world and says that if "we bring our reason to bear upon his life and writings, we shall

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surely be able to decide between the ravings or drivellings of insanity and the unfoldings of the Divine." But from the Day of Pentecost up till the time of recent religious "revivals" it has been found almost impossible to differentiate between inspiration and the attitude of an unbalanced mind. Mr. Trobridge devotes his last chapter to what he calls "Testimonies." They make interesting reading. For instance we are told that Carlyle was well acquainted with Swedenborg's writings, and that "Sartor Resartus" is "saturated" with his influence. The straightforward writing, the useful footnotes and the illustrations combine to make this volume a capable and interesting guide to the life and works of the great Swedish seer. There is no index.

ROYAL ROMANCES OF TO-DAY. By Kellog Durland. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The "life-stories" of the Queen of Spain, of the Empress of Russia and of the Queen of Italy, which are contained in "Royal Romances of To-Day," originally appeared, it seems, in the pages of an American magazine; and they betray evidences of their origin. Thus, Mr. Kellog Durland, their author, tells us that "in the afternoon the King of Spain does whatever chores may come up" and speaks of "the cunning little white flannel suit" which the Prince of Asturias wears. He also informs us that the prices charged at the hotels of Madrid "are paramount to the best hotels of London and Paris," and that both the Tsaritza and Queen Elena dress badly and fail to hit it off with their respective mothers-in-law. Nor does Mr. Durland's information and his readiness to impart it stop here. By no means: he is out to speak his mind about the effete old monarchies of Yurrup, and speak it he does. Thanks to him we know that Queen Elena has the reputation of being the stingiest queen in Europe, that the diminutive King Victor has his seat in the Royal carriage specially raised in order to seem to be on a level with his consort, that on the very evening of the day on which 5,000 Russian peasants were crushed to death in Petersburg, both Tsar and Tsaritza thought it seemly to attend a ball at the French Embassy, and that, were the monarchy ever to be upset in Spain, King Alfonso would stand a good chance of being elected first President of the Republic. Finally, in the unlikely case of the fit reader not yet being attracted to these "royal romances," we can assure him that they enshrine a whole heap of seemingly authentic nursery gossip. In America, Mr. Durland's book was bound to sell; and so interested in the matter it deals with is a section of our own reading public that it ought to be almost equally popular over here.

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"Edinburgh," said the late Queen Victoria, writing, in 1842, to the King of the Belgians, "is an unique town in its way"; and we fear that the lovers of that noble city, noble even in its slums, will not have been satisfied. But a legion of writers have paid their tribute, and it would be monotonous if no faint praise were included—not but that the Queen desired to praise whole-heartedly. The less than faint praise of the friend of Mendelssohn comes very well after the extract from his fellow-traveller's letter. And in the Cambridge volume the same plan has been adopted—there is a sufficiency of hostile observations. We prefer the way in which this latter book is classified, according to subject; whereas Miss Masson has generally printed her quotations in their chronological order, and the book in consequence becomes rather more of an *olla podrida*. It would be interesting to know whether Cambridge or Edinburgh have more votaries, and which of these two books will appeal to the larger number of people. One supposes that with books of this sort it is not so much on women that the authors have their eye; few ladies seem to care for books which have resemblance to a dictionary. "It is an interesting work," said the lady to Johnson, "but very discursive." Nor are these books to be read continuously. They will charm those who already love their Cambridge and their Edinburgh, that is to say, the worthy lovers of this island, though it has been rumoured than an educational establishment in Oxfordshire has its adherents, and that when the erudite and playful Mr. Seccombe, with Mr. Spencer Scott, compiled two volumes on that subject, he was not doing a work of supererogation. Why Cambridge, nest of the poets, should have only one

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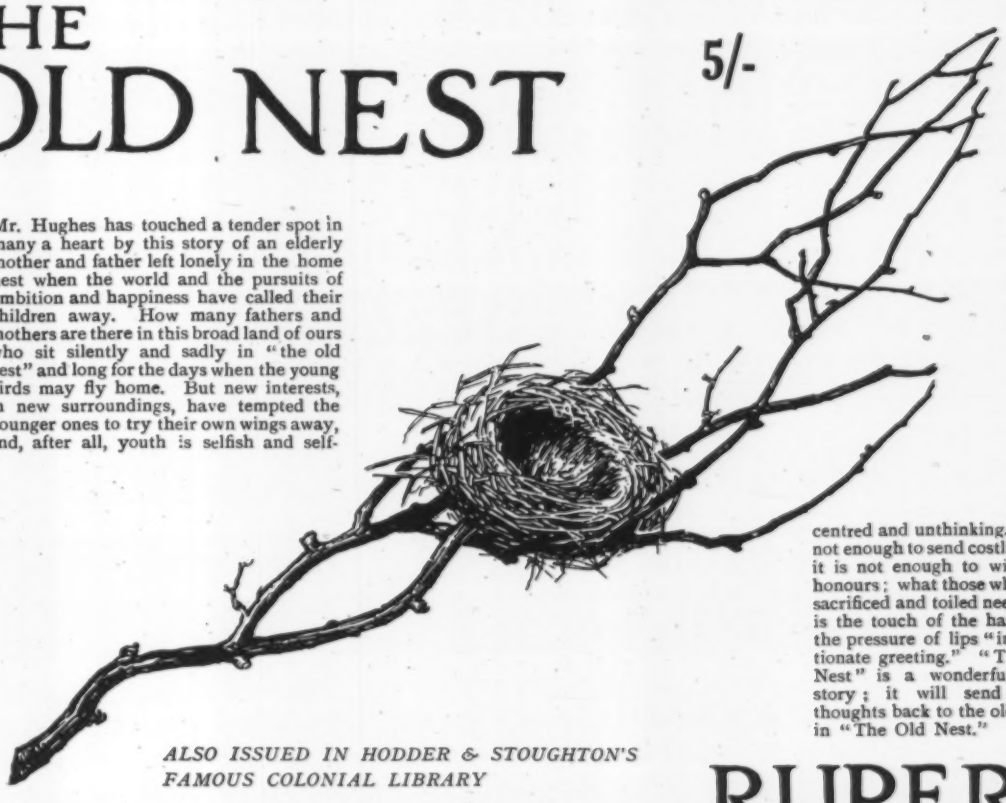

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volume at 5s. net and Oxford should have two, is not quite clear; and yet Cambridge gave her poets to the world—they did not sing often to their old four walls—whereas the religious and political movements which have so largely preoccupied the Oxonians may have been more cabined and confined to that small cathedral city. We remember that when a merry gentleman was apprehended in the streets of Cambridge, for he was also destitute of cap and gown, the Proctor asked him for his name and college. He replied, after some parleying, and rendered thanks to God that he was not a member of the University—he was an Oxonian. "Thank God," quoth he. "Amen," said the Proctor. And I daresay the same story is told of a Cantab in the streets of Oxford. Nobody, however, will read these books without coming across the most delightful passages, and one cannot be sure but that the old friends will be the most welcome. Miss Masson flings a very wide net; she gives us, for example, a quotation from Ptolemy's Geography, which tells us exactly where four towns of the Vacomagi are situated, these being beneath the Caledonians on the map. And she gives us enough of interest to occupy us for a journey from London to Edinburgh, that is, if Scots ever do make this journey. We should like to read Mr. Waterlow while idling on the Backs in a canoe. What fascination in the very titles of his chapters!

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The anonymous author of a handy book of reference—**An Analysis of the System of Governments throughout the British Empire** (5s.)—has done either too much or too little. If the introduction, in which he examines the effectiveness of the Imperial House of Commons, is absolutely vital to the purpose of the book, then surely he should have completed the picture by some description of the effectiveness of the Lower Houses in the self-governing Dominions. If, on the other hand, the introduction is not really vital, it might, if it cannot be omitted altogether, at least have been considerably compressed, and limited practically to explaining the tables which follow it. One other criticism must be made. On page 22 the writer says that Part II. of the Education Act, 1902, authorized County and Borough Councils to levy a rate for higher education up to 2d. in the £. This normal limitation is true of County Councils, but does not apply to Borough Councils. Apart from these points, however—one of which is a matter of opinion and the other, doubtless, a slip—the book appears to us adequately to fulfil its purpose. It is clearly arranged, and the salient features of the administrative systems of the different Dominions and Colonies have been carefully chosen.

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We would have every Briton read Mrs. George Kerr's wise book, **The Path of Social Progress** (2s. net), and learn by the bitter and the sweeter lessons of the past how, though it is terribly easy to make huge mistakes in trying to better our fellow-creatures, it is possible to do them and their country good and make them prosperous. Individual work, rather than a lavish expenditure of money, seems to be the kernel of the matter. In these pages we read with something like terror the accounts of past methods of trying to grapple with the problem of poverty, so nearly did they banish moral standards among the necessitous and bring the country to ruin. Mrs. Kerr describes in most clear and interesting style the work of that genius, Dr. Chalmers, who with a negligible amount of money in time banished poverty from his parishes and raised the characters of his parishioners. The hopelessness of pouring out money to *cure* poverty is heart-breaking; and if Mrs. Kerr's volume induces its readers to begin, each in his own neighbourhood, to put her practical advice to the test, England will be not only richer, but better and more self-respecting.

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The Vicar's Secret, by C. E. Jeffery (2s. net), is an ingenious mystery story told in a breezy vein. The vicar is a man with a past; and his past is not unknown to the nurse who, by chance, is called in to attend his wife. The disappearance of the nurse, and the subsequent discovery of her dead body in a disused copper mine, are followed by the disclosure of the vicar's secret; and a string of damning clues lead to the arrest of the unhappy vicar on a charge of murder. It remains to be said that the reader will certainly not be disappointed with the sequel. Breezy, too, but in another sense, is the telling of **Marooned in the South Seas,** by F. L. Langdale (2s. 6d. net). The work of a retired naval lieutenant, it will delight not only boys, but all who relish a tale that frankly revels in the joy of adventure. From the day Master Denis Tremorne sets foot on the brig *Susan Mainwaring*, bound on a trading venture in the South Seas, life is one long procession of thrills: pirates, hidden treasure, tropical seas and coral reefs—all play a part in this absorbing yarn, which is not without its love scenes, the Fiji Islands providing a novel setting for fighting as well as love-making.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist is, of course, *the* authority upon the Peak District of Derbyshire, and he turns his special knowledge to excellent account in his new novel, the local colour of which is equal to anything he has ever done. And in other respects **Damosel Croft** (6s.) is an attractive book. The plot may not be wonderfully exciting, but it is at least capable of holding the reader's attention; the characters are pleasant and well-drawn; and the author's style is a pure delight. The book is, in fact, yet another of those readable, well-mannered books of which Mr. Gilchrist has already given us a respectable number.

MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

Judith Lee (6s.) is a teacher of the deaf and dumb, and is able, by merely watching the lips, to know what people are saying. In her varied career she must have been placed in many embarrassing positions, and, owing to her peculiar "knack"—to use her own term—Judith was led into many extraordinary adventures. In this volume Mr. Richard Marsh recounts some of the thrilling episodes of her life, and, though the work is not of the author's best, the reader who has a fondness for excitement will find it here on every page. At the age of twelve or thirteen Judith went through an experience which would have frightened to death any ordinary little miss; but our heroine, though she loses her hair, which reached to her knees, and was possessed of a terrible rage in consequence, had the satisfaction of helping in the capture of a gang of cosmopolitan thieves who were wanted all over the world. Judith eventually becomes a great lady detective well-known to Scotland Yard. Of all her triumphs the greatest was, perhaps, the affair of "The Restaurant Napolitan," in which Alessandro of the Mafia, sought for by all the police of Europe, was run to earth. It is truly a book of thrills.

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